

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI. THE END OF A LOVE.

THAT visit to St. Alans was before Tillotson always. It had, indeed, coloured his life strangely, and no one could guess how much. The men who met him in business always knew that he was "a curious, mooring, stand-off man," and those who knew him still better, said "the fact was, you know, he had got a blow some years before, a domestic business, which he had never got over." But none of them could divine the new trouble he had brought away with him. Down at that little, remote, dried-up, crusted, rusted little town, he had left behind him, as in an ancient, old-fashioned, but precious little shrine, his new-found hopes, something that lived and burned, something that had light and warmth, to which his heart was drawn back with an inexpressible yearning, as he now walked among the cold corridors of the world, and laid his fingers on what were to him merely cold statues. He had found new thoughts, new interest, something that seemed a complement to, and that would repair his own jagged and shattered poor heart, something that seemed to whisper to him, "Live once more, enjoy light and the cheerful fires of life. You are young, and happiness may come back once more. The past is not so hopelessly gone!"

Strange to say, the more the distance increased, the picture he had left behind increased in all the glow and intensity of colour and happiness. Between his eyes and the cold rows of figures and dry reports, now becoming more and more barren every hour, it stole in softly, and finally took the place of all else. From the board-room—from the Babel of discussion over discounts and exchange, with glib tongues and wits keen as razors, and sharp eyes all about him, he alone abstracted, was far away, looking back to that soft picture of the golden-haired girl floating so tranquilly from duty to duty. And when he came back to what was about him, he found himself as in a jail, with windows barred, the iron at his very heart. Some strange voice seemed to whisper to him that happiness was

now finally gone from him for ever, the very last chance that was open to him, and that now he had best cast himself into the arms of despair.

This, after all, was but a morbid tone of thought, wrought up daily more and more by constant harping and dwelling on the one theme. His health was poor at all times, and the habit of living alone worked on him still more.

"Why," he often said, in his lonely room, pacing up and down, as his habit was—"why could I not have been left as I was? I was content with my old stock of miseries; this dull preying on them and turning them over had become habitual. I was content with that wretchedness, and would have gone to my grave satisfied with my round of trouble. But now, to have this glimpse of paradise presented only to be snatched from me, which would have restored me to sensible, practical, peaceful life, made me useful, given me tranquillity—to have this hope taken from me! Surely it had been better to have been left as I was with all my old misery!"

This was nearly his nightly meditation in his gaunt room in the bachelor's house as he paced up and down—a foolish, profitless parading that would end foolishly, as a friendly doctor warned him; not very profitable for his soul, either, as a friendly spiritual physician would have told him, from pulpit or confessional—a state of mind certainly to be pitied.

"My dear Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater to him, clearing away some specks from his own coat with the double glass, "I want to speak to you. You see, I remark you are not in good tone latterly. Now, really you should make a push for it. We all have our battle of life, you know, and we all know that you have your peck of troubles." Mr. Bowater pronounced this phrase with great unction, as if it were part of that peck of malt which Willie had brewed. "A peck of troubles. I know—"

"Yes," said Mr. Tillotson, sadly; "but please—"

"Ah! but yes, though," said Mr. Bowater. "I assure you there is but one remedy—work. Keep the mind going, my dear friend. When I missed the Medway Dock estate—offered to me, I give you my honour and soul, for literally next to a song (you know what a property it is now!)—I was going to stint myself—give up going out to dinners, and that sort of thing—when a friend recommended business—hard, earnest

business. Well, I followed his advice, sir, and here I am. Now, supposing you take home these reports, work through 'em, figures and all, abstract them, and tell us what you think of it? You'll find it hard enough for your teeth, my friend, but I'll swear you'll be—let me see—three and a quarter per cent better."

This was really kind advice; and, going home, Mr. Tillotson turned it over. He might try it, he thought, and so he plunged eagerly into the reports. It was a very hard nut indeed, as Mr. Bowater had said. He attacked it bravely, and sat up very many nights hard at work, until at last, after one long night, it *was* cracked. He came with it in this state to the office, very weary in mind and body, and not, as may be conceived, in the least benefited by Mr. Bowater's remedy.

It was a report on an Indian branch of the bank—the "Bhootan Foncier Extension Branch"—which required the aid of rupees and Indian exchanges, and referred to ryots, and such things.

"Why, bless me, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater, when he saw him, "what have you been doing to yourself? You should take care, you know—not push the thing too far. Well—done it? Capital! For here is Mr. Mackenzie just fresh from Calcutta, and you can settle the whole thing with him. Go into that room, Tillotson, take the reports and Mackenzie with you, and not a soul shall disturb you till you are done. There."

Mr. Tillotson and the Eastern Mr. Mackenzie withdrew into the room. They both went into the routine of business, the former putting his hand very often to his forehead. Soon the table was spread out with papers, and books of papers, and great reports, and files and dockets, all bearing on the Eastern Bhootan Branch of the great bank. Mr. Tillotson, with an effort, however, went through it all mechanically, but still with great practical sense. For, as Mr. Bowater said, "Tillotson, when he *chose* to lay his mind to a thing, was about as good a man of business as you could light on at any desk between this and Temple Bar." As he turned over the papers listlessly, and listened to the ceaseless flow of Mr. Mackenzie's explanations, delivered with a strong Scotch burr, his eye fell upon a little sheaf of papers pinned together, and on one of which he saw the name "Ross." He took it up eagerly, turned them over one by one. They were all bills, and a letter or two.

"Oh, that fellow," said Mr. Mackenzie, interrupting himself; "you are looking at his little account. He gave us trouble enough, he and his friend. A nice pair. I was up at the hills at the time, or we should never have 'touched' them."

There was interest in Mr. Tillotson's eyes.

"We were glad to compound with him on any terms, and, as it was, he 'did us' shamefully. But I was up at the hills at the time. Mrs. Mackenzie, you know, was just then on the point of—No matter now. When I came back, however, I soon frightened the

pair, and I think I would have saved every shilling for the bank without noise or trouble, only then came that Bhootan scrape, which disposed of all our chance."

"What scrape?" said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly.

"Oh, you heard it, of course," said the other, "though I believe it was kept out of the papers—I mean, about torturing the Coolie. They were half drunk. He and his friend came home one night and found this Coolie fellow hadn't got something ready which they had ordered. The way they tortured this poor devil—sticking fuses under his nails, burning his eyebrows, writing his name on his back with hot wood—it was the most barbarous thing you could fancy. The man died of it."

"And was there no punishment?" he asked.

"Oh, the thing was talked about, and an inquiry spoken of; but they managed to get the relatives out of the way. Then it *was* inquired into, and it was too late. A little money goes a great way in Bhootan. But I had it from my servant, who knew it all, and, I believe, saw some of it. Ross, he said, was like a savage; his friend Grainger was trying to save the poor devil."

"Grainger?" said Mr. Tillotson. "To be sure. I have met him."

"Yes," said Mr. Mackenzie, "he's a great traveller. But that Ross, for a young man, is the most dangerous, ill-conditioned savage I ever met. I almost think the sun had something to do with it. It seems at times like drink on him; but, *sair*," added Mr. Mackenzie, in his strong native accent, "it is the drunkenness of a bad hairt and evel passions."

"And did you know any more of him?" asked Mr. Tillotson, a little eagerly.

"Not I, so much as others," said Mr. Mackenzie, moving his papers restlessly, as if they were now losing time. "There were all sorts of stories, you know. There was that business of Mrs. Magregor, which I know of myself, for poor Sandie told me himself when he was lying heart-broken on his bed just before he died. All that was *vairy*, *vairy* bad. A young and winsome creature ruined, ruined!"

"But these may be stories—"

"I can gie you *chaipier* and *vairse*," said Mr. Mackenzie, "at another time, sir. It would shock your very ears to hear all I could tell you about that young man. And then his behaviour to the bank, sir, beyond all—"

They went back to the Bhootan reports. But Mr. Tillotson was very abstracted and restless, and could hardly follow the details; so much so, that Mr. Bowater, later, was inclined to retract the handsome commendation he was giving of Mr. Tillotson being a "first-class man of business." When the day was done, Mr. Tillotson said, anxiously, to the Indian manager, "Could you spare me an hour in the morning, and tell me more about what you have been saying, and with more particularity? All this concerns a person in whom I am interested, and who it is very right should know something of it."

"Indeed; then I can," said Mr. Mackenzie. "His pairsonal behaviour to the bank was simply outrageous, and ought never to be forgotten. I'll come, sir, and give you chaipter and vaise."

Mr. Tillotson went home in a perfect ferment. Long he walked up and down his room that night, and turned over matters until his head was in a fever. It was surely a matter of duty with him to caution one he regarded with such ineffable interest. In the morning, Mr. Mackenzie came with details, and very fair proofs in his details, and left Tillotson quite satisfied. Then began his inward counsel, his walkings, and his tempestuous reasonings. The course that was open to him was obvious. "But what," he thought, "will *she*—so generous, so noble, so magnanimous—think of such a secret denunciation of one who might stand in my way?" Still the absorbing feeling of all was love for *her*, and to this, before post-hour came, he determined to sacrifice everything.

It was the first letter he had ever written to her. He wrote it ten times over, and then, at last, it was sent. Unknown to himself, it assumed a vein of exquisite and melancholy tenderness; in every line it betrayed the extraordinary passion that was nearly consuming him. He told, however, very plainly what he had heard. He himself might now speak, he said, without ambiguity or reticence, for reasons that she well knew. It might, indeed, appear to her that what he wrote was dictated by suspicious motives, but it was a sacred duty with him to speak. Then he sent it away.

To that letter he never received an answer. Down at St. Alans, at the old rusted sanctuary of the Cathedral Close, there were strange troubles gathering about the Tilney family. One thing was coming after another. The young golden-haired girl happened to be out on some usual mission when the post of that day came in. Mrs. Tilney alone was at home, in ill humour with the troubles the world was heaping on her, and saw this strange letter, in a hand which she seemed to know, and, above all, directed to Ada, who rarely received one. Not caring to be subject to any social restraints in reference to a person of such unimportant consideration, and thinking it was rather too much that she was to be "hoped up" with the pangs of curiosity in addition to her other trials, she presently opened it and read Mr. Tillotson's secret letter. She was a little alarmed when she saw of what a confidential sort it was; but the alarm presently gave place to anger. Mr. Ross's prospects had brightened a good deal of late, and she hoped that some profit might be got for the family out of his ultimate success. She never relished Mr. Tillotson from the first. He had not paid her that implied homage, even to past charms, which she expected from every man, in some degree. She did not love Ada, and his preference for Ada, now revealed to her officially for the first time, to the prejudice of her own daughters, inflamed these feelings. "I'll have neither art nor part in it," she said to her-

self; "let her look out for herself." There was, besides, the difficulty of re-sealing; for withal she stood a little in awe of Ada, who would have calmly denounced such a proceeding; and, as the readiest course, destroyed it. But she went beyond this, for she wrote a little note to Ross, telling him to be on his guard, for "that fellow Tillotson was going about ferreting out stories about him in India, and writing them down to us here."

Day after day rolled by. But no answer came to the weary Mr. Tillotson. Weary night followed weary day. He had looked for an answer absolutely "by return." She who was so tender and delicate would not let a superfluous hour go by without telling him what she thought. There went away a day and yet another day. He began to torture himself in a thousand ways to explain this; and, at last, after a week, arrived at *the certainty* that, shocked at what he had done, she could not trust herself to write freely, either in approval or condemnation, and forbore to notice his caution at all. Then what he had done showed itself with almost appalling deformity, as it were, in black shadows upon the wall; and it struck him almost from the first how ill any one would receive such a communication as to the past life of a future husband, and he murmured to himself in despair, "Always a fool—always to be a fool!"

Another two days went by; and one night, passing his blank vigils, a letter was brought in to him—but not the one he waited for. It was from Ross, dated from Ireland, where his regiment was, and where it was shortly to embark for Gibraltar. It was a strange mixture of rage and calmness, and seemed to reflect the character and moods of the man as he spoke. It began, "Dear Tillotson," and went on: "I have heard of what you have been at latterly, and write this to give you fair warning. Don't busy yourself with my concerns. I suppose you think because you have done a little twopenny-halfpenny service to me—and any gentleman, let me tell you, might be exposed to be taken in that way—you can go on, any way you like. By Heavens! you shall not. I won't take it from you, or any other man. You set up to be a virtuous, pious, preaching fellow, and I suppose you think it right to go sneaking about picking up stories, and writing them down to them. I wish you joy of your trade. I think you have found out it won't advance you much in *that* quarter. You are welcome to go and scrub and grub, and fish out what you can about me, and you won't fish much, I can tell you. I won't stand it longer, though—I tell you that. Do you think I forget the night you struck me in that mangy dirty town, and you came to me whining, and pretending you didn't know who it was? I'll be even with you, Tillotson, and pay you back that cut before I die, mind. And I suppose now, because you think I am shut up here in these infernal regions, that you can go on with your old sneaking tricks? Now,

don't think it! (I suppose you saw we were ordered abroad to Gib.?) And don't go on; for if I hear a ghost of a whisper that you are sneaking about and trading on my absence, I'll come back and give you a lesson that you'll rue to your death, or will be your death—I don't care which."

He had forgotten to sign his name, but it was easy for Mr. Tillotson to know who it came from. Yet on his mind all this string of incoherence made not the least impression; he was reading on, waiting, hoping to find something that concerned him more nearly. But he never found it, and here he was at the end, with the certainty that she had treated his caution with the contempt it deserved, that she disdained to reply to him, and that she thought his behaviour unworthy of an honourable man. "It is quite clear," he said, with a sort of relief; "it is all explained *now*." As for the mad letter he had just read, it as completely passed from his mind as if it were merely the symbols and letters in which the other greater blow must be conveyed. He never thought again of that Ross, who was only speaking according to his frantic nature.

CHAPTER VII. ILLNESS.

THEY did not see Mr. Tillotson at the captain's house for a long time. Day after day went by, and they heard nothing. At last, Captain Diamond had put on the bishop's hat and the grey thread gloves, and was limping away on what he called "his three legs," on a private expedition of his own. The private expedition was to the grand office of the Fancier Bank, in whose halls there was, as usual, a crowd—a crowd of angels with pens behind their ears, and fluttering wings of paper in their hands, who were flying to and fro, and bringing joyful or evil tidings to man. Captain Diamond stopped an angel in a scarlet waistcoat to ask for his friend.

"Mr. Tillotson, sir? Not here to-day. Not been here since yesterday—a little unwell. Like to see Mr. Newton?—if you step this way, sir."

For one of the grand principles of the Fancier Company was to welcome everybody with warmth, and a part of their capital was set aside for ensuring politeness and attention.

The captain walked away in trouble. "I was sure of it," he said. "I saw it in his face that night. And I ought not to have joked him, poor fellow."

And having called a cab, he drove off to the chambers where Mr. Tillotson lived.

They were not fashionable, but they were out of the way, and at this time of the year the rooms were not "very well let." It seemed a grand solitude. There were mahogany doors, and under a black hood in the hall a porter sat and took in messages.

"He's not been well at all," said this functionary. "You see, he's been overworking himself lately at the bank, sir," he added, getting out of the hood and becoming intimate and

confidential with the captain, as every one was sure to do.

"Ah, now! Is that it?" said the captain, with deep feeling, and reciprocating this confidence. "Do you know, I was afraid so. He dined with us only two days ago, and I was afraid then. Would you be good enough to take him up this card."

He found Mr. Tillotson up, with his hand to his head, sitting at his table. "This is very kind of you," said the latter. "I am trying to fight it off, you see, and I hope I shall. Those accounts and figures make my head swim, so I am trying what a little change will do."

"But, my dear friend," the captain said, looking round despondingly. "This is not the way to fight it off. No, no. This is the way to bring it on. This is the way to be beaten."

"Well, and if I am," said Mr. Tillotson, "perhaps it would be all the better."

"But it isn't, it couldn't," said the captain, eagerly. "You mustn't give in to this sort of thing. You must rouse, my friend. There was poor Tom Hammond, who went off just by giving way. Have you seen anybody?"

"No, no," said Mr. Tillotson. "There is nothing to see any one about. They would only laugh at me. No, no, I shall be all right soon."

"Then come up to us," said the captain, "and take a bit of dinner. Do now. Oblige old Tom—come. The girls will amuse you. And little Alice—the creature, who is a sweet child, and the life of us all, was a little sore about it—between you and me and the post. You know women—the creatures—they feel everything. God knows, they all suffer enough, and do you know, Tillotson, I should always like to spare them when I could."

"Indeed, what you say covers me with confusion," said Mr. Tillotson; "but you believe me when I say I hardly knew what I was saying? And give my especial apologies to Miss Alice."

"Apologies, nonsense. But I'll tell them. Then you can't come? No, I suppose it would be better not. Very well. Now, now. You must take care of yourself. I wish to God you were out of this. It is very lonely, isn't it?"

"The landlord isn't flourishing," said Mr. Tillotson. "I and another gentleman—a barrister, I believe—are his only tenants. It would be cruel to leave him, you know."

"Well, promise me to see some one. Let me send Gilpin to you."

Captain Diamond, however, had to leave without obtaining any satisfactory assurance. But he had a second interview in the hall with the tenant of the hood, who by this time seemed to have a sort of personal regard for him, and who laid his hand on the captain's arm, as he impressed on him that "the poor gentleman neglected himself sadly, sadly, sir!" And with him the captain agreed, and, going away, made him promise to come straight to his house on any emergency. The captain knew enough of human nature not to trust exclusively to this sudden intimacy or

mere feeling for the porter's recollection of this promise.

He went home with this news, and told "the girls" at dinner. "Poor fellow! And he made his apologies to my little girl there in so gentlemanly a way. I knew he was ill, though I don't know now what he did. I think he was absent or inattentive. Was that it, Alice?"

This was asked in perfect simplicity. But she fell into confusion as perfect.

"And I," she said, warmly, "was so sharp and pert to him. I know I was. Was I not, Anne?"

The elder girl, working, answered quickly, and without lifting her head, "I thought not. I never remarked it."

"But *he* remarked it, you see," she said, getting up, and going over to the fire. "*He* saw it. Up-stairs I could have cut my tongue out. And he was ill all the time."

"Poor fellow! yes," went on the captain; "and if you saw the lonely place he is in! Quite dreadful! I know I'd sooner be sent off to an hospital! Better to have company about one, you know. I declare I got quite a shiver when I saw him in that lonely place, without a soul to look after him."

The younger girl stopped in her walk, and looking at her uncle with wistful, half-tearful eyes, said, "Oh, uncle! how dreadful! Don't you pity him?"

The captain looked at her back again. "Give me the hand," he said (one of his pet phrases). "Give me the hand, dear. You are a good girl."

At that moment the maid of the house came to the door, and said a man was below wanting to see the captain.

"Who can he be?" said he. "What *can* he want?"

And he lifted himself, as usual, by a sort of leverage, by the aid of table and chair. These little motions and gestures were all part of the man, and necessary to the idea of him, in those who loved him.

"Don't you know well?" the young girl said, heartily. "Don't you see? It is about Mr. Tillotson. He is ill; he is worse."

"God bless me!" said Captain Diamond, bewildered at this instant.

"Tell him to come up here, Mary," she said, decisively.

The porter came up. "I thought it right to come to you, sir," he said, "as you told me" (this "telling" was scarcely the sole reason); "but he's very bad to-night. Had to take to bed about an hour after you left. And, between you and me, sir, I think it's something like fever. I am not very wise about these things, but it looks like it."

"And did you send for no doctor?" the young girl said, excitedly.

"He wouldn't hear of that, miss. He bound me up solemnly. He said he'd leave the house if—"

"And did you mind him?" she said, almost scornfully, and turning away from him. "I

suppose you would let him die to obey his instructions."

The porter was sent away presently, gratified with a glass of wine "after his walk."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," the captain added, with great courtesy. "It was very kind and considerate of you." For he seemed to forget that there was another inducement in the case besides kindness and consideration.

"Now, uncle," said she, "what is to be done?"

"Give me the hand," said the captain. "Quite right. What is to be done? We must bring the poor fellow a doctor. That is the first thing. I'll go for Gilpin myself."

And he got up and went to his room, whence he came limping with the grey gloves and bishop's hat. On the landing a figure met him, and said, softly and confidentially, "Nunkey, may I go with you in the cab, merely just for company?"

"Who's this?" said the captain. "Ah, Alice. To be sure, and glad to have you with me. But won't you be afraid? It's a rough night."

"Thanks, my dear nunkey. I'll fetch my bonnet in a second."

She was not indeed fifty seconds "getting on" her bonnet, and took her uncle's arm down-stairs.

"Good Alice," he said, in the cab. "Give me the hand. You are a girl of spirit; and I don't wonder at your liking poor Tillotson. God knows I feel for him."

They went for Dr. Gilpin first, but found that he was out. He was to be in in about half an hour for the night, and the captain left a message for him. Then they went off to Duke's Chambers.

"I can't leave you in that cold cab, dear," said the captain, limping down the step. "And I should be afraid," he added, doubtfully.

"I am not afraid," she said, springing out. "There is no infection, dear uncle. I can wait below."

"Ah, yes," he said. "That's just it."

And in the porter's room, where, however, there was a light but no fire, she stayed while her uncle went up.

He found his friend in bed inside another room, tossing miserably. It was indeed a fever. His eyes were fiery, and he hardly knew the captain.

"He's worse by far than when I left him," said the porter.

The captain had some knowledge of elementary physic, and some old-fashioned remedies as to drinks and such-like, and was presently limping round the room, trying to look up anything that would be useful for his composition. He did not find much. "I wish Gilpin would come. His head isn't high enough, poor fellow," he said, with deep compassion. "We might get a cushion out of the next room."

In the next room, which was half dark, a figure stole up to him. "God bless me," said uncle Tom, "what's this?"

"Oh, uncle, it was so cold and lonely below. And how is he? Is it so bad?"

"Well, he's not well, and I don't like it, dear, you know. And you feel for him, I'm sure you do. If I could find a cushion, now——"

She was looking for one in a moment, and found one. "I am sure," she said, wistfully, "I could be useful in some way. Is there nothing I could do?"

"I'm sure you could," said the captain. "Ah, there's Gilpin. I knew he'd come."

Gilpin, the friendly doctor, went in, drew aside the curtains, held the light close to that pale face, did the customary "feeling," and touching, and pressing, satisfied himself, and then came into the middle of the room. The captain and the old porter waited eagerly and anxiously to hear his report.

"Why, this is fever—nervous fever," he said, "and he must have had it on him this week past. How did you let him go so far?"

"We could do nothing with him," said the porter. "He never looks after himself. I saw it coming on him; but you might as well talk to the wind as to him."

"Nervous fever," said the captain, anxiously. "That's a bad sort of thing—eh, doctor? What do you say?"

"Can't say anything now, captain," said the doctor, writing. "I should have seen him before now. But we must only try and patch it up as well as we can." He finished the prescription. "You must get a nurse," he said, "of course. This is a very ticklish matter, Diamond, I tell you plainly. Is that a nurse in the next room?"

"No, no. God bless me!"—inventing, with extraordinary readiness, a legend to cover his niece's situation—"it's only a little maid of ours, whom, as we were going the same way, you know, I thought I might drop at a shop." For the captain, though he would have scorned a falsehood for any ends of his own, was always ready in the cause of affection and chivalry with the most fertile invention.

"Now see, my friend," said Gilpin, holding out the wet prescription. "Get this made up, get the nurse, and with this he may do very well for the next couple of days. The fact is, I must go down to the south to-morrow, and can't get back for some time."

"My goodness!" said the captain, aghast, as if his departure withdrew all medical aid from the world; "you won't throw us over, Gilpin?"

"I'll tell you," said the doctor, rising. "If he should get suddenly bad—but I don't think he will—send to Dennison, Sir Duncan Dennison, the Queen's physician. There is only one man in London knows nervous fevers, and that's Dennison. It's miraculous! If you can't get Dennison—and it's very likely you won't—why you must try Stony, or some of the rest."

The doctor was going. "My dear Gilpin," said the captain, busy with the purse, "how kind of you—how good of you!"

"Nonsense! my friend," said the doctor, putting back the purse. "What are you at? All in good time."

A muffled little figure went hurriedly to the

window as they passed through the next room—the figure of the little maid, whom the captain was bringing to a shop. He looked sharply at her, and went away. That, indeed, proved the beginning of a terrible nervous fever which seized on Mr. Tillotson. For hours he was tossing and writhing in its grasp. With difficulty Captain Diamond brought away his niece, and quietly put her in the cab, with all sorts of assurances. The declarations he put into the doctor's mouth—with a most delicate end—would have astounded that practitioner. "On my oath, my dearest little girl, he said so. Be up and down at his work the day after to-morrow, or the next day, at furthest. On my oath, yes!" But this romance was all superfluous, for the supposed maid had been at the door, and heard the true verdict.

Yet, for the case of a person who was to recover and be at his work on the day after to-morrow, the captain was singularly nervous and anxious. When they came down to breakfast, they found that he was already gone, having left word that he would be back "soon." He did not return until nearly four; the little girl had an anxious, restless time, running to the window.

The elder Miss Diamond, in the drawing-room, talked very confidently to comfort her. "He is strong," she said, "and is sure to get over it. Men always get over these things."

"I hope he will," said the other, devoutly, still looking out of the window, "for the dear captain's sake."

"Yes," said the elder girl, gravely; "uncle Diamond would grieve dreadfully."

But, in the bedroom, the grim Martha Malcolm had a different sort of comfort. "What a pother," she said; "he's neither kith nor kin to any of us, and must bear his trials like any other man. The whole house turned upside down, the captain gone without his breakfast, all for a counting-house fellow, that has money enough to buy friends ready made. What work it is!"

"Ah, but, Martha, think of the poor creature lying there, without a soul to go near him! If you knew his story, how he has suffered——"

"And why didn't he make friends of his Mammon? Ah, I see it's wasting time talking to you, Miss Alice. It's ill talking to those as won't care to listen, and for good reasons of their own."

The colour rose to the cheeks of the little pale girl, but she said nothing. She heard the voice of the captain below, and ran down. There was a change in his face to the greatest cheerfulness and heartiness.

"We're getting along," he said; "rallying like a house afire. Oh, he'll be as well as a roach; let me see," the captain said, fixing on a date carefully—"by next Friday. Then his face (as if a spring had relaxed) suddenly fell into a very mournful expression, quite inconsistent with such good news.

"Ah, you are only telling me this, uncle," she said, impatiently. "I know he is bad."

"On my solemn oath," the captain was beginning.

"Yes, I know he is ill," she went on, excitedly; "and what is the use of trying to deceive me? *I know* that he is very bad indeed."

"Well," said uncle Diamond, "perhaps he is not so well as he was; but he'll do, wonderfully. Why, God bless me! I have known men stretched there on the broad of their backs for weeks, and not a bit the worse—not a bit." Then the captain's voice fell into a feeling key, and with a look of deep compassion, he said, "My poor little girl, we *must* take these things as they are sent. My heart bleeds for that poor Tillotson, it does indeed. But we *must* pull him through."

But the next day, after the captain came back, all his powers of deception and cheerful little mendacities could not disguise the truth. It was a raw, piercing day, and the captain, in a very thin great-coat, limped along steadily to wait on his friend. He said he would be back at four, "with tip-top news." But that hour had long passed, and he did not return. There was an anxious face at the window looking out watching the gusts, and the east wind piercing the walkers through and through. At that moment, when they were just thinking of dinner, the captain drove up in a cab, which he kept waiting at the door. He came in to them with a curious, wistful look. "Gilpin's not come back," he said; "very odd, ain't it?"

"You know he wasn't to be back," said the elder Miss Diamond.

"No, to be sure," said he, with alacrity.

"What an old Tom-the-Goose I am. Always the way with me. I should forget this lame leg of mine if it wasn't fastened to me."

"And, how is he to night, nunkey?" said the young girl.

"Not so well," said he, dismally; "not *quite* so well, I mean, as we could all wish, you know. Between you and me and the post, I wish Gilpin *was* back."

"I knew it would be this way," the young girl cried, impulsively. "Of course he is not back, and won't be back. What *is* to become of him?"

"Here is dinner, sir," said Martha Malcolm, suddenly appearing at the door, "cooling and half spoiled, while other people are running about the town. Take my advice, captain, and leave him to the regular doctors. Let him pay them, and they'll get him through."

"At any rate, uncle, you must eat your dinner now."

"Dinner!" said uncle Diamond. "Lord bless you! I've dined two hours ago. Had a chop at The Son and Heir. As good a couple of chops as were ever cut off a loin. By the way, dear, you don't remember the name of that surgeon to a palace, the fellow that waits on the royal family when they're sick, do you? Mere curiosity, you know."

"Ah!" said the girl, starting, "then you want him? So he is bad, very bad?"

"No, no. On my solemn oath, no. I wasn't

thinking of it. It was only to ease my own mind. Now Tom's off to an apothecary's, and I'll look in on our patient as I come round."

HORSE-RACING IN INDIA.

THE monsoon, whose first stormy shower was welcomed with delight, has become dreary and monotonous in the extreme, and almost makes one wish it were hot weather again. Everything has become damp and mildewed; clothes are lying rotting in trunks, from which it is impossible to take them to be aired, by reason of there being no sun; boots are covered with a Stilton-like mould; every corner of the bedroom has been tried in vain for a place for the bed without catching the drippings from the roof; the sitting-room is studded with basins and tubs to catch the water and save the bamboo matting; the ceiling-cloth is discoloured in many places, and looks as if bottled porter had been kept above, and had burst; the furniture is damp and slimy; and the neat gravel drive in front of the house is cut up like the bed of a dry water-course.

Towards the middle of September, one or two bright days in succession, with an occasional shower at night, and a delightful freshness in the morning, proclaim the approaching close of the monsoon; and now that there is a prospect of a little dry weather, the subject of getting up Skye races in December is started at one or other of the mess-tables. It is of tropical growth, no sooner conceived than matured; a meeting is called, the subject is discussed, stewards and secretaries are chosen—the two latter without heartburning. The majority of the residents subscribe liberally, and there are but few in the cantonment who object. These can be divided into three classes: those whose wives are afraid that they will ride, and who consequently object on the ground of its being wicked: screws, who do not possess an animal that has a ghost of a chance, but who are always lingering about the stables during training: lastly, those who really do think it wicked.

At length the programme appears, full of mistakes, printed by the local government or some amateur press, and many young hearts are quite in a flutter. There is no parade to-morrow morning, so Tomkins will try what Budmash's paces are like. Budmash has been laid up for nearly three months in consequence of the rain, and has been fed as well all the time as if he were in training for the Derby. He has got past the period of bucking with delight on going into the fresh air, by reason that he is too fat, and feels more inclined to rest quietly in his stable than carry his owner even for a short walk. But his owner knows as much about a horse as he does about a pig; for he is firmly of opinion that Budmash's plethoric and sleek look expresses the acme of condition.

Next morning at daylight, Budmash, saddled and bridled, is led up and down in front of his master's door. He has not long to wait; for

Tomkins, who has scarcely slept a wink, has decided on ordering the "dersie" to rig up a nobby jacket and cap; and has ridden the race in his mind's eye some fifty times during the night. He has arrayed himself in a pair of thick Melton cords and top-boots, which make him feel uncomfortably hot; but that is immaterial, the get-up being indispensable to getting the pace out of Budmash. He has discarded the hunting-crop, and has substituted a sharp-cutting whale-bone racing-whip. On mounting, he tells the "ghorawallah" to remain where he is, that he will be back directly, and walks quietly out of his compound in the direction of the race-course. Budmash is by no means lively, and responds with a grunt and a wheeze to his master's spurs. He carries his ears in a flabby manner, and stumbles over every little piece of uneven ground he comes to. On arriving at the race-course, Tomkins gathers up the reins in both hands, and, sticking the spurs into Budmash, strives to raise himself in the saddle, orthodox jockey fashion; but Budmash does not at once, as he ought, start into a swinging gallop, but sets up a little wheeze-and-puff canter, which causes poor Tomkins first to sway on his neck and then sit down on the saddle. In the attempt to regain the jockey position, too much aid is derived from the reins; whereupon Budmash thinks it a signal to stop, and does so accordingly. The morning is hot and close, the cords and boots are uncomfortable, and by this time, Tomkins, being out of temper, lets Budmash have the whip pretty smartly, which so astonishes him that he actually manages to get up a gallop, blowing like a grampus all the time. The great attention that he pays to his seat, and the uproar that Budmash makes, to say nothing of the wish being "father to the thought," make Tomkins believe that Budmash really has speed, and he straightway determines to enter him for the Galloway Plate. After about half a mile of wheezing and puffing, Budmash is pulled up, and his head turned towards home. His look is dejected, his eyeballs are bloodshot, his flanks heave painfully. But Tomkins is delighted; he wipes his own brow, and pats Budmash's neck, and thinks of the honours he is about to achieve. After Tomkins has refreshed himself with a bath, put on some rather lighter clothes, and is about to sit down to a cup of coffee and a cheroot, his horsekeeper makes his appearance in the verandah, holding up the gram-bag, saying, "Kutch bee ne kia, sahib." "Eh! what?" says Tomkins, and calls the boy to ask the reason why. The boy and the horsekeeper converse rapidly in Tamil, the latter holding up the three first fingers, with the thumb of the right hand closed, indicating the very small quantity Budmash has consumed. The horsekeeper has a broad grin on his face as he tells the boy the pace was "Rumbo quick." "Well," says Tomkins, "what is it?" "Paupiah tell our horse can't eat gram. Master too much galloping," replies the boy. "Pooh! what nonsense!" says Tomkins. "I expect the gram's sour."

But the gram, on inspection, is found to be quite fresh and warm, having only just been boiled; so Tomkins, not knowing what to do, says, "Never mind; give it him at tiffin-time," and returns to his coffee and cheroot, and thinks on the cares of an owner of race-horses. Budmash consumes a small portion of the gram at tiffin-time, and Tomkins's spirits begin to rise again. About eleven A.M. the boy may be seen holding an amicable conversation with the horsekeeper. During the time that Tomkins has gone to a court-martial, both are squatted, cross-legged, on the ground under the pandal in front of the stable, and are enjoying intensely two of their master's Trichinopoly cheroots.

The horsekeeper has seen better days; that is, he was formerly in a richer man's service, a man who kept a good many horses, and delighted in racing. He knows a thing or two, and determines to profit by his knowledge; not that he intends to help his master to obtain real condition—that would involve a deal of extra trouble to himself—but he intends to suggest the purchase of sundry articles useful in training, and out of which he and the boy may make their profit. The boy opens the ball in the evening, whilst he is assisting Tomkins to dress for dinner. He commences by saying, "I think master going to make race." "Eh," says Tomkins, "who told you I was?" blushing at the thought that somebody might have been watching him in the morning. "Master tell Dusie, morning-time, to make one racing-jacket." "Oh, ah!" says Tomkins, relieved; "yes, I shall run Budmash." "That Paupiah very good man," says the boy. "He live long time with Judge Dowdswell, sahib; he understand that business." Tomkins is glad of this, and asks the boy whether the horsekeeper knows the reason why Budmash refused his food in the morning? The boy tells him that the horsekeeper recommends that a boiled sheep's head should be given with the gram night and morning. Tomkins has heard that this is a native remedy for fattening horses, so orders the sheep's head to be regularly provided. The boy takes care that this order is attended to, and he and the horsekeeper enjoy a banquet of three-quarters of each sheep's head daily:—Budmash (perhaps) getting the remainder.

It is not to be supposed that all who intend entering for the races pursue the course above described. There are three or four men in or near the station who will bring (what is considered up country) first-class animals in first-class order to the post. The collector is a thorough sportsman, and keeps several horses for racing, besides greyhounds for fox and jackal hunting. The judge has a couple of good horses that he intends trying his luck with; and the rajah, who has subscribed liberally, and given a cup, has some that will require a great deal of beating. Besides these, there are two or three of the officers of the Queen's regiment, a sporting captain or two of the native cavalry and infantry, then quartered at the station, who have some good horses among

them, and intend training. The minor events of the meeting, such as the Hack Stakes, Cheroot Stakes, and Pony Races, are nearly all confined to the genus of which Mr. Tomkins is a type.

Things go on smoothly, with here and there the occasional absence of a horse for a week or two; but the break-downs are not so frequent as might be supposed from the hard sandy nature of the soil they take their gallops on. At about the commencement of December (the races having been fixed for the 20th), a fresh excitement takes place. Owners commence taking trials out of their horses by timing them. These trials are generally made openly, in the presence of a large number of spectators, it being universally understood that none but the owner and his servants are to attempt to ascertain the time of the horse under trial; and as it is impossible for a looker-on to gain information from seeing a horse galloping, no one but the owner is the wiser.

The meeting is to extend over a week, racing being on every alternate day. This is to allow time for the lotteries to be held. On the day prior to the first day's racing there is a monster tiffin at one of the mess-houses, and, after the cloth has been removed, the lotteries on the races of the first day of the meeting commence. It is by means of these lotteries alone that an owner is enabled to back his horse, or to stand to win any more than the actual stakes, as there is seldom or ever any betting. The lotteries are carried on upon a principle entirely Indian. There is a lottery to each race. Each ticket is priced two rupees, and, after all the numbers have been taken, two vases, one containing the names of the horses that are going to run, together with some blanks, the other containing all the numbers of the tickets taken in the lottery, are placed upon the table. The drawer plunges his hand into the vase containing the numbers of the lottery, takes out a ticket, and calls the number marked on it; he then draws from the other vase; and should the paper drawn contain the name of a horse, the person who has taken that number in the lottery is considered to have drawn the horse named. After all the horses have been drawn, the horse first drawn is put up to auction, and the highest bidder pays the amount he has bid for the horse to the lottery, and a like amount to the person who drew it. Of course, should the drawer be of a speculative turn, and consider the horse's chance a good one, and intend buying him in, he has double the advantage of the rest of the bidders, having only to pay the amount he bids to the lottery; but very few, besides owners, care to do this, as they really can know little about the animals, and are content to have a safe win of the amount bid for the horse they have drawn. There is sometimes great competition between the owners of horses, each trying to obtain the horse of the opponent whom he deems most dangerous. And great pots are frequently upset, by an owner selling for a small price a horse he has drawn—which horse ultimately wins the race—and buying in for a large price one which he imagines will win, and

which does not. The man who has purchased at the lottery the name of the horse that wins, gains the lottery. It will be seen that a very pretty little sum can be frequently obtained in this manner. Supposing the lotteries to have filled to the number of five hundred tickets, that six horses start, and that the average price obtained at the sale of the horses is three hundred rupees, there will be a sum-total of two thousand eight hundred rupees for the lucky purchaser of the winning horse.

As there are several "weight for age" and "weight for inches" races, the afternoon of the day previous to the first day's racing is fixed for ageing and measuring. During the afternoon a great number of visitors arrive from the small stations near the cantonment, all intent upon enjoying themselves at the races, and balls, parties, pic-nics, and so forth, that are sure to follow. The waste ground round about the course is studded with tents of all kinds and descriptions. All the messes are crammed, at one or two of the larger houses dinner-parties are given, and all seem intent upon enjoying Christmas as much as if they were in Old England.

A good hour before daylight the "dwellers in tents" are aroused by the continuous war of the multitude, already on their way to the course. Natives are excessively fond of amusement, and even the stingiest Brahmin will go miles to see a samasha. Servants are running about, carrying coffee and articles of apparel, and nearly all have their heads tied up in cloths, so that only their eyes and noses are visible, the morning air being chilly. The morning breaks as if the whole place had been suddenly lighted with gas, and the grand stand rapidly begins to fill. At six a trumpet sounds, "boot and saddle" (for there is no bell), and one by one the competitors for the "Derby"—the first race of the day—may be seen emerging from their rubbing-sheds. The first to make his appearance is Black Diamond, a perfect picture of an Arab; he is so round that he would almost lead you to suppose he was too fat to race, but if you felt him you would find him as hard as a cricket-ball, and without a particle of adipose matter. It is his round barrel that gives him his fleshy appearance. The collector is walking beside him, giving his jockey final instructions. "I don't want him to win," he says, "if the Marquis can, for he has to run again in the race after next; but if you see the Marquis holding out signals, let him out and try to do the trick. Now give him a canter, and let's see how he goes." The Marquis soon makes his appearance; he is a bright bay, rather leggy, and his quarters are by no means filled with muscle. He is too young for this work. Arabs ought never to be raced until they arrive at maturity; but the collector is very sweet on him. He is giving elaborate instructions in Tamil to the native jockey, who will have cast them all to the winds in the first hundred yards. He is a good lad for riding the horses at their gallops, but can't keep his head in a race. He sets the bay going, and well he does go too, bringing his hind legs well under

him, with an even and machine-like stroke, and if it were half a mile he would probably win; but a mile and a half, and that choking hill, is too much to ask of the youngster. The collector heaves a gratified sigh as he watches him, and on his way to the post reiterates his instructions to the jock. But what is the cause of that hum of admiration along the line of native spectators? It is the rajah's horse Nusseeb. He is a dark iron grey, with very powerful arms and loins, and stands over a deal of ground; he has rather a nervous and timid look, as he walks between the line of spectators. He knows what is in store for him, for it is not his first race by a good many. Captain Hawk rides him. The start takes place a mile and a half from the stand, at the commencement of the straight run in, and all eyes and glasses are turned that way. Now they are turning; here they come! No; it's a false start; that fool of a fellow didn't drop his flag. There! they'll go this time. Yes, they're off!

The Marquis keeps the lead for more than a mile, when Nusseeb is seen to come through his horses and take it up. Black Diamond's jockey sees that it's all up with the Marquis, and giving Black Diamond, who has been going well within himself, a shake, draws a little closer to the rajah's horse. The rest are out of the race; as they sweep round the turn into the straight, Nusseeb is two lengths ahead, and Hawk is sitting as still as a mouse. As they approach the distance-post, Black Diamond's jockey sits down and gives his horse a strong pull, then raising his hands a little, gives him a shake, pricks him with the spur, and the brave little animal jumps forward, overhauling the grey at every stride. Hawk turns his head round anxiously two or three times, but otherwise does not move an inch; he knows that, if he does, his horse will shut up. The Black's nose is now level with his horse's quarter; but there is only fifty yards more, and the Black begins to wobble. His jockey makes a last effort, but can only reach the grey's neck, who, as he passes the judge's chair, is greeted with a burst of applause.

The next race is the St. Leger, for all horses; additional weight to that carried by Arabs being imposed on English, Australian, Cape, and country-bred horses, according to the scale laid down in the Calcutta Turf Club rules. The rajah has a large and magnificent Arab horse, called Hussar, engaged in it. He is so large for an Arab, that many declare him to be a Persian; but be his breed what it may, he is a fine powerful horse and good performer. The collector has two. The Emperor, an Australian, whose sire and dam were thorough-breds, imported into Australia from England. He has already earned a reputation and paid his expenses, and a little over; but, like all Australians, he is very uncertain, and is as likely to turn rusty at the start as not. His other horse has not found favour with the public. He certainly does look as if he had just come from the shafts of a London Hansom cab. His near fore leg has a hering-bone-stitch-like appearance, indicative of the

stringent measures that have been adopted to keep his sinews in their place. He is so finely drawn, that the breastplate he wears seems a wise precaution. His ragged hips and angular frame, without a particle of extra flesh on it, do not add to his appearance, and the spectator thinks that he has been most appropriately named the Screw. The young officer who rode Black Diamond is riding him quietly up the course, and as he goes with his ewe-neck stretched out and his nose poked forward, one can scarcely imagine the collector in his senses to attempt to compete with the rajah's beautiful horse.

The Screw was originally a troop horse, but was cast for running away:—some say, because an officer, who knew his value as a racer, recommended his being dismissed, and bought him in at the sale; but this statement is doubted by those who know the immense quantity of red tape required in such proceedings; and the fact that he was bought by a griffin (whom he nearly killed) for twenty rupees some few months after he was cast, together with his being excessively hard-mouthed, and, when once set agoing, impossible to stop until he chooses to think he has won a race, tend to give the lie to this statement.

The judge is conveying to the post a very powerful-looking Australian that he thinks will do wonders. The superintendent of police, a capital rider, but a bit of a dandy, and who cares much more about the cut of his boots, breeches, and jacket, than the cut of his horse, is also en route for the starting-post, accompanied by three more horses, whose owners, apparently, have more money than brains. This race is two miles; and the start takes place just at the foot of the hill, which almost prevents the horses being seen from the stand. Those people who have brought glasses are constantly appealed to for information, and the stand grows very impatient. The collector is almost white with anxiety; especially when he sees one, two, three, and does not know how many more false starts. But, thank goodness, the Screw is behaving himself for a wonder; indeed, if it were otherwise, he would long ago have made his appearance in front of the stand. As much cannot be said for the Emperor, who dances in anything but an imperial manner on his hind legs; and the rajah's horse seems to be so taken with his performances, that he is trying his best to imitate him, but it is all owing to that fool on the grey, that ought to have been in the buggy and not on a race-course. The collector's eyes ache again with constant straining, so that he is obliged to relieve them by taking down his glasses.

The ladies don't like sitting and seeing nothing, and want to know why they don't begin? The collector would very much like to relieve himself of a little extra steam by an anathema or two against the man on the grey, but wisely refrains. Ah! there they go! No, it's a single horseman, and, horror of horrors! the collector recognises the Dumulgunby-like action of the Screw. But, is it possible? Yes, by Jove! he has stopped him; and the beast is shaking

himself like a rat; a man leads him back; and—they're off! the Screw with two strides in one, determined not to be disappointed this time. The pace is awful as they sweep past the stand, and the ladies wonder how any man can keep his seat at such a pace, and are sure *they* would scream and drop off. But in the short space of time taken to express this wonder the horses have completed another quarter of a mile, and the Screw, who is leading, is nearly pulling his jockey over his head. With joy the collector sees that Hawk is obliged to keep the rajah's horse going, and, barring accidents, he sees the race is won. He's not quite sure of his jockey though, for he is a stranger to him, but came with a great reputation; and the thought of the steady way in which he tried to snatch the last race out of the fire, partly reassures him. They have now got to the hill, which is sure to find out the soft ones. What a line there is now! What tailing, almost Indian file. It can hardly be called a good race, for nothing seems to have a chance against the Screw. Nothing has. The astounding fact of having been stopped when he wanted to go, has put the devil into the Screw, and if he drops dead in the attempt, he'll warm them. His jockey gives him a strong pull near the top of the hill, and the cunning old horse responds to it wonderfully, pulling himself together, and taking a breath that fairly heaves his jockey's legs out. "That's your sort, old chap," says the jock. "I like to feel that, and I know you've got a rush left in you, if wanted." On his dropping his hands again, the Screw falls into his old Dumulgundy-like action, holding the race as safe as a church. Hawk tries a rush at the distance, but Hussar only manages to decrease the distance from the Screw by a length, then dies away to nothing, and is passed by the judge's horse, but cannot overhaul the Screw, who canters in, hands down, a winner of upwards of two thousand rupees.

After the Young Prince's Purse, there are only two races left for decision, and the spectators (and I dare say my readers too) are glad of it, for the day is getting excessively warm. Some twenty animals of the most wretched and unracer-like appearance are brought out for the Hack Stakes. There are Roman-nosed broken-kneed Persians, who do duty in buggies during the rest of the year; hide-bound animals, that have been cast from the artillery and cavalry for incurable mange; one or two bow-kneed but fine-framed old animals, who (if they could speak) could tell pitiful tales of the career of a high-mettled racer; and—yes—Budmash, mounted by Tomkins in a resplendent green jacket, with yellow belt. The race is soon over, for the starter did not care to be kept broiling in the sun by the unworkmanlike manoeuvres of the would-be jockeys; and after one false start, in which a hot-brained youth has come away the whole length of the course alone in his glory, warns the rest that, head or tail foremost, he *WILL* start them this time. The horses run the race from end to end without any assistance from their riders, and it is won by a quondam

old racer, who adds another leaf to his autumn-tinted laurels. The Pony Race is rather exciting, the terms of the race being that the second pony is to get a portion of the stakes, and that the last is to pay the third pony's entrance fee—a provision sure to make each competitor try his best; for, although he may see that he has no chance of obtaining first or second honours, yet he cannot afford to pull up and walk in, lest he should have to pay the entrance-fee of the third. But hallo! who is this? It is the doctor in a gaudy racing-jacket, a pair of trousers with straps, and a long pair of military spurs. He is greeted with roars of laughter as he passes the stand, and cries of two to one on the doctor. Then some one explains that, at mess the other night, the doctor threw out hints that he had had a rather brilliant career on the English turf, before he entered the service; whereupon Simpkins pounced upon him, and succeeded in getting him to promise to ride his pony. The course is only a quarter of a mile, and they are soon started; they are all pretty close together, with the exception of the doctor, who got off ill in his endeavours to keep his seat, pulls his pony back, and is hopelessly out of the race. It is a near thing between the two first, both well-known performers. Some seconds after the race is finished, the doctor canters past, and is greeted with vociferous cheering. "Thank you, doctor," says the owner of the third pony. "Why?" says the doctor. "You pay my stake." The doctor is wroth, and declares that he never saw that proviso, that it is a most absurd one, and that he never heard of it in England; but his wrath is of no avail, and he goes off home in great dudgeon, and does not appear again during the rest of the meeting. The stand is soon emptied, and the great concourse of natives go jabbering towards the bazaar.

The second and third days' racing are similar to the first: the rajah and the collector dividing the large prizes pretty equally; and the smaller being so distributed by the aid of handicaps, that none are great losers, and many are slight winners. The owners of horses are pleased with their success, and the visitors with their reception; and the numerous balls and pic-nics. Thus, "the races" become an epoch from which future events will be calculated, until the next meeting.

SKELETONS IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

IF little Dick Whittington, when sitting on the stone at Highgate, listening to the bells ringing him back to fortune and fame, could have dreamt what it was to be Lord Mayor of London, he might have hesitated as many times as the bells promised him the highest civic dignity before he decided upon obeying their summons. Knowing what I do of the hubble-bubble—not all of the turtle-soup pot—and toil and trouble of a Lord Mayor's life, I am sure *I* should have hesitated a long time, and, if I had clearly understood the bells to say

"Thrice Lord Mayor of London,"

I should most decidedly have declined the invitation, shouldered my bundle (containing my one extra shirt), and held on my way to the less arduous duty of tending some farmer's sheep in the inglorious but peaceful fields of Hertfordshire. So, at least, I thought the other morning, while sitting upon Whittington's stone. Bells were ringing to me out of the mist below, but they said :

"Rest and be thankful, lad ;
Rest and be thankful, lad ;
It is hard to be Lord Mayor of London."

I think I know how it was with little Dick. In wandering about the streets the day before, and just as he had made up his mind to leave the pitiless city, he stumbled upon the Lord Mayor's show. He saw the gilded coach and the glittering procession, and, going to sleep that night under a dry arch, he dreamed about it. The vision of greatness was still fresh in his mind when he started off in the morning. As he trudges onward, he recalls what he has read, or heard, of humble boys, like himself, who have risen from nothing to be Lord Mayor, and, as he is gradually leaving the City behind, it suddenly occurs to him that he is deliberately throwing away *his* chance of attaining to the dignity. He sits down to rest and think—to hesitate. He looks down upon the big busy City, glittering under the sun, with so many high roads to honour, and he waits for an omen. His heart is yonder among the houses, and it is hard to tear it away; the vision of the gilded coach and the brave array is still in his mind, all his yearnings are towards the City.

"Oh, for some encouraging voice to bid me turn again," he exclaims; and, as the last words are on his lips, the bells ring out :

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London !"

In his ears, with that bright vision before his eyes, and with those longings at his heart, it could sound like nothing else.

But it was different in my case. I had not seen the Lord Mayor, the day before, going in glory to Westminster. I had seen him in the midst of his duties at the Mansion House, overwhelmed with business, harassed, pestered, worried out of his life. So the bells rang out quite a different story to me. By the way, it appears to me that bells are arrant sycophants in this respect—they are always ready to say as you say, say what you will. I believe if Mr. William Sykes had sat and listened to them on Highgate-hill, they would have told him in the most cheerful tones to turn back and murder Nancy.

I have been, as the readers of this Journal may remember, "With the Lord Mayor on his own day." I have, since then, spent with the Lord Mayor a day, not one minute of which he could call his own. It was my day, yours—the nobility, gentry, and public in general's day—anybody's day but the Lord Mayor's. And I believe all his days are pretty much the same.

Up at half-past seven in the morning ! Fancy

that, my Whittington, to begin with. Didn't you think, now, that when you became Lord Mayor you would be able to lie to what hour you liked ? Of course you did. But you will find that a Lord Mayor's life is not all gilt-coach, turtle, and champagne. The very first duty of the day is one that few of us would care to be bound to—the duty of reading letters and signing a large number of documents before breakfast. And the letters which the Lord Mayor receives are frequently calculated to take away his appetite for breakfast. For example, when he came into the breakfast-room the other morning to snatch a hasty meal, he brought with him, by way of something pleasant to communicate to his family, a letter addressed *outside* to the "Dishonourable the Lord Mayor," and containing, *inside*, the agreeable and appetising intimation that he would be shot next Friday morning. I expected his family to go off into hysterics in a body, and I was quite prepared to join in the chorus; but I found they took it coolly. It is quite an every-day occurrence. There is always somebody threatening to shoot the Lord Mayor. Turn again, Whittington, do turn; it is so pleasant to go about in the momentary expectation of having a bullet through your head. Letters pour in upon the Lord Mayor of London in cart-loads. They are from all classes of persons, upon every kind of business and idle folly, and come from all quarters of the world. Frenchmen write to him in the idea that he is autocrat of all London and prime minister of the sovereign; mad Germans send him cramped screeds of besotted political philosophy; indigent Irishmen claim him as a son of Erin, and beg a trifle in the name of their common country; schoolboys who are not happy at home ask him for situations in the City. This morning he received a long letter from a German, giving him a history of his own career. According to his correspondent's account, he, the Lord Mayor, was born in Hamburg, of German parents, and was brought up as a tailor. There is no kind of lunacy under the sun, which does not vent itself in a letter to the Lord Mayor of London. Of course the cart-load of communications is well sifted by his secretary, but there is always a large residuum which demands his personal attention. He is asked to patronise charities, to take the chair at dinners, to open exhibitions, to be present—whatever his creed and denomination—at Church of England sermons, to lay foundation-stones, and generally to give up the whole of his time, and spend a good deal more than the whole of his fortune, for the benefit of the human race. The Lord Mayor does not wear a smooth brow when he comes in to breakfast of a morning. Care vaults upon his shoulders the moment he is out of bed. How shall he answer all these applicants ? To which shall he say "Yes," and to which "No ?" He will have to preside in the justice-room by-and-by. What if the assassin should be there, waiting to shoot him according to obliging promise !

It is not all cooking that goes on in the base-

ment story of the London Mansion House. If you enter by the little door under the grand portico, you will discern a nest of offices, filled with ledgers, account-books, and deed-boxes. Clerks are busy at the desks preparing a large number of documents, every one of which the Lord Mayor must sign with his own hand. One of these departments is called the Cocket Office. There, a record is kept of those imports of corn, coals, fruit, &c., which pay toll to the City. It is the Lord Mayor's duty to give receipts for those dues, and every morning after breakfast he signs, on an average, two hundred and fifty receipts. It is calculated that in the course of his year of office, the Lord Mayor signs his name to official documents fifty thousand times. While he is signing away at lightning speed, "parties" are waiting to see him in his business parlour, previous to the opening of the court. Here, he gives audience to attorneys and barristers making applications, grants warrants, and presides over what are called "private hearings." While his lordship is being badgered in his own parlour by a pertinacious "junior," let us occupy ourselves more pleasantly with an inspection of the department of pleasure.

Mark this. As you must pass through the Cocket Office to arrive at the kitchen, so the Lord Mayor has to pass through many arduous duties before he can sit down quietly to enjoy his dinner.

The kitchen is a large hall, provided with ranges, each of them large enough to roast an entire ox. The long, broad, solid tables might have been constructed by Gog and Magog for company of their own size. The vessels for boiling meat and vegetables are not pots, but tanks. The stewing range is a long broad iron pavement laid down over a series of furnaces; the spits are huge cages formed of iron bars, and turned by machinery. Everything is on the scale of Brobdingnag. An army of cooks is manœuvring with the batterie de cuisine, to produce an infinite variety of rich viands for a detachment of the four thousand and odd persons whom it is the Lord Mayor's duty—his duty, observe—to entertain during his year of office. The City expects that every man who accepts the office will do his duty to the extent of spending four thousand pounds on dinners. Even here, in the kitchen, we are in the presence of the cares which weigh upon the Lord Mayor of London.

Step into the next room and see a score of cupboards crammed full of skeletons. There are three proper and tall young men in powdered wigs in readiness to show them to us. At a word of command they produce blood-stained keys and open the cupboard doors. At first we see nothing but aprons of green baize; but when these are removed, the skeletons are revealed in glittering rows. One by one they are brought out until the room is full of them. Silver tureens and cups, silver plates by the hundred, silver trays and salvers, spoons, forks, teapots, punch-bowls, candelabra, tazze, the silver mace which I can scarcely lift, the sword whose scab-

bard is embroidered with hundreds of pearls, the snuff-chest (box is not the word) of gold, the Lord Mayor's S.S. collar sparkling with brilliants of the purest water. Aladdin's cave was nothing to this. Yet these gorgeous things which give such an air of splendour and magnificence to the Egyptian Hall on feast nights, and excite so much envy in blessedly ignorant breasts, are but so many skeletons in the Lord Mayor's cupboards. They are not his own. They belong to the City. He has to give a bond for them. If they are lost or stolen, he must pay for them. They are worth very many thousands of pounds. Stock is taken of them every day. A man sleeps in the haunted chamber every night. The police never leave the neighbourhood of the grated window, night or day. Within and without, there is always a watchful eye upon that chamber—to a nervous Lord Mayor—of horrors.

Let us peep into the servants' hall in passing. Read the inscription over the mantelpiece, and mind your manners.

Swear not, lie not, neither repeat old grievances. Whosoever eats or drinks in this hall with his hat on, shall forfeit sixpence or ride the wooden horse.

The wooden horse is a stout pole bearing the above inscription, and painted like a constable's staff. The offender is mounted upon it, and two servants seizing the ends, make him ride the stang. I was informed that the last person who offended against the rules of the hall, and was compelled to ride the wooden horse, was—I blush to write it—a "gentleman of the press."

It is now twelve o'clock, and the justice-room is open. A throng of ragged mouldy forlorn-looking men and women, marked by Misfortune for her own, are scampering up the steps of the grand portico to witness the proceedings and see justice done upon their friends. In the morning, the Lord Mayor opens his house to burglars and paupers; in the evening, to Cabinet Ministers and bishops. But he gives precedence to burglars and paupers. As the hour of noon strikes, the mace appears at the little side-door of the court, and the bearer announces the Lord Mayor. His lordship, arrayed in his gown of office, immediately takes his seat on the bench, and business begins. The prisoners are brought into the court through a trap in the floor covered by a sort of wooden box with a lid. The officer in charge lifts the lid, puts in his hand and pulls out a prisoner, saying, "A very bad boy is he." The first puppet of Misfortune pulled from the box this morning, is a wretched barefoot man, scantily covered with a suit of canvas, stamped all over with the word "Union," in letters of blood-red shame. He has nothing on this frosty morning but a sackcloth jacket and trousers, and, shrinking at all points from the cold, he has doubled himself up like a hedgehog. A more pitiful sight it has never been my fate to see. He is a strong tall well-built man, who, if he had been so directed, might have carried his face "towards the stars" with the

best of us. But misfortune, neglect, injustice, crime, what you will, have degraded him to the level of the brutes; though I know of no lower animal who looks so low as that man looks. He is charged with deliberately tearing up his clothes in the workhouse. He is a bad subject, a very bad subject, but his degraded condition is pitiful in the last degree. Justice in her sternest moods cannot fail to be moved by such a spectacle. It made me weep—in bitterness rather than in pity—I was angry with some one—I was ready to strike some one. Oh, will you tell me with whom I have cause to be angry, whom I ought to strike! God surely made that man in his own image, and kept a place in heaven for him! He may sit beside you or me above; why does he stand so far away from us here below?

For two or three hours a day it is the Lord Mayor's painful task to sit in that chair and be a witness to every form of human misfortune, misery, and crime; his stern duty to reprove when reproof seems a cruelty; to condemn, when fate has condemned already. No man of feeling can sit in that chair with an unwrung heart.

When the luncheon-hour arrives, the jailer is still diving into the box for another plague, and it seems as if Misfortune were aiding him to perform the inexhaustible bottle trick. Every time he puts in his hand, she has a plague ready for him, a pickpocket—a starving creature who has stolen a loaf of bread—a misguided apprentice, who has robbed his master—a fraudulent clerk. When we all thought that the box was cleared at last, the officer managed to fish up from its depths, a little mite of a boy, who was charged with cruelty to a pony. The pony, yoked to a little costermonger's cart, was at the door for inspection. The boy, crying bitterly, said the pony was his, and it was the first time he had brought it out. He was not aware that it had a sore place. On inspection, the sore place was found to be a very trifling matter, and had probably been made that morning by the collar, which did not fit the new pony's neck. So the juvenile proprietor was dismissed with a kindly admonition. One sees odd things in a justice-room. Here was a boy "whose head scarcely reached above the dock," as the reporters picturesquely say, who was owner of a pony and cart, and a trader on his own account—just the sort of boy, I thought, who might become Lord Mayor of London. If he should ever attain to that high dignity, I hope he will be indulgent to the small boys who are brought before him.

Lunch is on the table. Where is the Lord Mayor? Busy in the justice-room signing commitments. We go to lunch without him, and his lordship does not appear for half an hour. When he comes in, looking careworn and preoccupied, the turtle soup is all gone, the pullets are mangled and cold, the pies are exhausted. Never mind, he will have a chop. And we, his family and his guests, having feasted upon all the delicacies of the season, and having talked about plays and amusements, retire to the drawing-room, leaving his unfortunate lordship to eat his plain chop and potato, while his private secretary reads over to him the letters

which have come in by the mid-day post. Meantime, the business parlour is full of visitors, clamorously waiting for an audience.

It is a very elegant, luxurious drawing-room; but come to the window and look out between those rich lace curtains. What is that below in the street? The prisoners' van. Everywhere amid the splendour, start up the skeleton and the death's head.

Mr. Gibbs, his lordship's private secretary, a gentleman well versed in all the routine of the office, well versed, too, in the history and antiquities of the City, finds a few spare moments to show us the cells. They are below stairs, quite close to Aladdin's cave, within hearing of the chink of silver and gold, within nose-shot of the roasting baron of beef and the simmering pâté. Cages of Tantalus! Look! Behind the bars, huddled up in a corner, crouches the shivering pauper in the branded sackcloth. In the next cage, is an idle and dishonest apprentice. Did he ever dream of being Lord Mayor of London and living in the Mansion House? Poor lad, he has entered the Palace in the City by the wrong gate.

Mr. Gibbs is well acquainted with every nook and corner of the palace—for palace it is, and a very magnificent one too. Was not its noble Egyptian Hall built after the model of the wonderful Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius? We may trace its proportions, here, among the wine-cellar. There are streets of wine-cellar, their sombre doors looking like the entrances to tombs. Only there are no "dead men" in those tombs. Here we come upon another of the Lord Mayor's cares. The foundation of the Mansion House, laid down before concrete was understood, has lately been giving way. Workmen have for some time been engaged in laying a new basis. In the process of excavation they turned up many curious things, amongst others, the smallest horned ox's head ever seen. Perhaps the animal fell a victim to mediæval Rinderpest. Item, a human skull with the finest set of teeth ever seen. I don't fancy that the owner of that skull could have been an alderman, for his grinders seem to have found exercise on the very hardest of food. Vol-au-vent and patties were not known, I should say, in his time, or, if they were, they did not fall to his share.

Passing once more through the Cocket Office, Mr. Gibbs directs our attention to the bill of costs and charges for the banquet on Lord Mayor's Day:

Dinner and wine £1600 0 0

Fancy that! Altogether the expenses of that grand day were 3102*½* lls. 4d.

Some of the items are curious. I will note a few:

Pickford and Co., cartage of			
armour	£41	0	0
Gas	100	0	0
Hire of looking-glasses ...	40	0	0
Insurance of pictures, &c...	5	7	3
Wands and decorations ...	70	7	6
Gravelling the streets	7	10	0
Decorating Ludgate-hill ...	40	0	0

In Hone's Table Book I find the bill of a mayor's feast in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Certainly he was the Mayor of Norwich; but he entertained the Queen and all her court:

Total charge for the feast... £1 12 9

Three of the items will be sufficient to show how the banquet cost so little:

Eight stone of beef at 8d.	
per stone, and a sirloin...	£0 5 8
A hind-quarter of veal.....	0 0 10
Bushel of flour	0 0 6
Two gallons of white wine	
and canary	0 2 0

Going up-stairs, we find the Lord Mayor still occupied in his business parlour. Applicants are still besieging his door. Another cart-load of letters has been shot upon his table. One appeals to him as the most benevolent gentleman on the face of the earth; another declares that he is a villain of the deepest dye, and is not fit to live upon the face of the earth. Meantime, I find that he has presided at the Court of Aldermen; and an intimation has just come in, that it will be his duty to preside to-morrow at the Court of Common Council. He has scarcely got through all his business when it is time to dress for dinner.

This evening he entertains—and it is part of his *duty*, observe—the Ward of Farringdon Within; to-morrow it will be his duty to entertain the Ward of Farringdon Without; and in the course of his year of office, it will be his duty to feast the City companies, the corporation, her Majesty's ministers, the judges, the bishops, and many other public bodies. At each of these banquets he has to make about a dozen speeches in proposing toasts, which is no light work of itself.

A worthy woman in the crowd, on Lord Mayor's Day, was heard to exclaim, "Ah, I wonder how the ex-Lady Mayoress feels this morning!" Which plainly expresses the popular idea that it is a fine thing to be Lady Mayoress. So it is, perhaps; but I should say, that on the day when her husband goes out of office, the Lady Mayoress feels very much relieved.

So, my young Whittington, turn by all manner of means if you have the courage; and if you do turn and become Lord Mayor of London, all I can say is—that the citizens ought to be very much obliged to you.

MIGHT AND MAGNITUDE.

MR. DU CHAILLU has announced his discovery of a whole nation of negro dwarfs. He has given us measurements of their stature, male and female. It is a pity he did not measure their strength. For want of a better dynamometer, he might have pitted a man against a camel, or a woman against a cow. Should his notes contain no information on this point, he will have to return to Africa to seek it.

For, little by little the belief is gaining ground that fat is not force, nor size strength, nor plethora power. If we are to trust the most modern deductions of science, Goliath ought to

have been a monster of weakness, while Samson, whose feats proclaim his prowess, can hardly have reached the middle height. Hercules, too, must have been quite a small man. "Long and lazy, little and loud," are proverbial expressions physically accounted for. The Pygmæi of Thrace, who went to war with the cranes, were indeed a valiant race, if only three inches high.

To show how things may be so, and that strength and smallness are compatible, we will begin, not quite at the beginning of all, but with a few elementary considerations suggested by the perusal of M. Henri de Parville's scientific romance, "*Un Habitant de la Planète Mars*," to which learned *jeu d'esprit* we do no more than allude on the present occasion.

The bodily frame of any animal is as much a machine as a steam-engine is a machine. Now the more carbon a machine consumes, the more force it is capable of producing.

We must be careful to avoid forgetting that, in strict fact, at the present epoch, not a single thing in nature is either created or annihilated. It is transformed, and that is all. Thus, you may *burn* a piece of paper, but you do not *destroy* it. You simply make it suffer a metamorphosis. If such be your desire, you can find it again, and collect its substance, weight for weight. Instead of retaining its primitive shape, the greater portion has passed into a gaseous state. It has become partly gas, which mingles with the atmosphere, and partly ashes, which fall to the ground.

Force, M. de Parville elsewhere reminds us, undergoes similar transformations. *We* do not generate our own strength, as we are apt, in our pride, to fancy we do. We receive it ready generated, and then we transform it or displace it. Charcoal, for instance, in obedience to our will, supplies us with heat, that is, with force.* Do you think that it really creates that force? Indeed it does not. It derived it from the sun. And when, in the depth of winter, a bright sea-coal fire is blazing in the grate, all the light and heat it gives is bestowed at the expense of the solar heat.

In truth, every vegetable substance has been actually built up, bit by bit, organ by organ, by rays of light and heat from the sun. The materials so grouped, remain together; but only on one condition, namely, that the solar force, which originally assembled them, shall not quit them.

To keep convicts in prison, you must have jailers and turnkeys, who will find quite enough work to occupy their leisure. But by setting your prisoners free, the staff of men, whose services are no longer required, can be employed upon some other task or duty. Exactly so in the present case. By burning the vegetable, you destroy the quiescent state of its particles; you disturb their equilibrium; you give them the opportunity of breaking loose. The force which held them together in subjection is discharged from its functions, and employs its activity in other ways. For you, it becomes

* See HEAT AND WORK, vol. xiv., p. 29.

sensible as heat, and is ready as such to undertake some different employment.

Coal is a mass of vegetable matter, which has been buried in the earth for a considerable lapse of time. It is solar light and heat put into a savings-bank ages upon ages ago. It is power and action from the sun, imprisoned in the bowels of the earth. To us nineteenth century men falls the lucky task of making it our slave, by setting it at liberty from its primeval trammels. Throw a piece of coal or wood into the fire; it is absolutely as if you took a small quantity of sun-heat in your hand, to manipulate it according to your requirements. And this is not a mere form of speech; it is a correct expression of the real fact.

When an animal exerts his strength, do you also believe that *he* creates that strength? Not more than the coal creates the steam-engine's strength. Here again it is entirely derived from the sun. The animal eats. *What* does he consume to keep himself alive? Alimentary substances, composed, in few words, of carbon, oxygen, azote, and hydrogen.

In an animal organism, those elements undergo a veritable transformation. Outside the animal, before they were eaten, they were combined, aggregated, united together, and in that state constituted food. Inside the animal, they are disunited, decomposed; the force which held them together quits them, allows them to separate, and so is free to do other work. It causes the creature's body to grow; endows it with vital and muscular force; and in short produces all the phenomena of life.

Who created the aliment? The Sun—himself created by the Great Maker of all things. Here again, therefore, the life and strength possessed by an animal are actually engendered by the sun.

Throughout your whole existence you will find, by following up the same reasoning, that your most trifling act, your most thoughtless movement, has derived its origin from the sun. A blow with the fist, a breath, a sigh, can be exactly estimated in rays of sunshine. Whether you trifle or whether you work, to make such an effort you have been obliged to expend so much strength; and that strength had already been stored in you by the sun, through the agency of a series of transformations. Your clothing is all borrowed from the sun. It is he who has spun every thread of your linen, and fed every fibre of your cloth and flannel. He either bleaches it snowy white, or dyes it purple and scarlet with indigo and madder. He furnishes leather for useful service, and furs and feathers for finery and parade. He gives you your bedding; whether you repose luxuriously between eider-down and wool, or stretch your weary limbs on straw, chaff, Indian corn-husks, seaweed, or even on a naked plank, as is the lot of not a few, it is the sun who gives both the one and the other. And what do we receive from regions where the sun, as it were, is not—from the immediate neighbourhood of either pole? We receive just nothing. We cannot

even get to them. The absence of the sun bars our progress with an impenetrable zone of ice and snow.

In like manner, your fine cellars of hock, burgundy, and claret, are nothing but bottled sunshine from the banks of the Rhine, the slopes of the Côte d'Or, and the pebbly plain of the Medoc. Your butter and cheese are merely solid forms of sunshine absorbed by the pastures of Holland or Cambridgeshire. Your sugar is crystallised sunshine from Jamaica. Your tea, quinine, coffee, and spice, are embodiments of solar influences shed on the surfaces of China, Peru, and the Indian Archipelago. It is the sun's action which sends you to sleep in opium, poisons you in strychnine, and cures you in decoctions of tonic herbs. You taste the sun in your sauces, eat him in your meats, and drink him even in your simplest beverage—water. Without the sun, no blood could flow in your veins; your whole corporeal vitality, your very bodily life, is the result of the overflowings of his bounty.

Nor is this all we owe to our great central luminary. The physical forces with which we are acquainted—heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion—dancing their magic round and alternately assuming each other's form and action, and now believed in all probability to be one in their common birth and origin—are direct emanations from the sun.

But how grand and beautiful is the theory that *all* material blessings here below come to us entirely and alone from the sun! Its simplicity and unity are completely consistent with the attributes of one Supreme Omnipotent Being, the Maker of the universe. Given motion, and given matter, all the rest follows as an inevitable consequence. All nature, from the simplest fact to the most complex phenomenon, is nothing but a work of destruction or reconstruction, a displacement of force from one point to another, according to laws which are absolutely general. Nor is there materialism lurking in the thought; for it is impossible to forget that, if motion and matter form and transform organic beings, there still needed a Creator to give the impulse and the law. And, as to minor details, the Hand of God is visible throughout the universe.

The sun, then, is God's material instrument on earth, as throughout the solar system. He is the dispenser to us of our share of the advantages allotted to us by the Great Benefactor. Of all forms of worship, sun-worship is the most excusable in nations unlightened by Revelation. Bending the knee to the god of day, in the belief that the throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, is a far more elevated phase of mistaken adoration than prostrating oneself before an ugly image carved out of the stump of a tree.

With this much said about might, let us now look at the question of magnitude. From the foregoing statements, it may easily be conceived that the more an organised being is capable, in

consequence of its physiological structure, of assimilating a given amount of aliment, the more effective force it will set at liberty, or, in other words, the more strength it will have at its own disposal. Now, the solar forces, thus rendered active within the frame of a living creature, have, by determining its growth, to construct the animal itself. They have to generate its own proper vitality, as well as the result of vitality, its muscular power. It may therefore be asserted that the effective force at the disposal of every living creature will increase in proportion to its alimentation, and will diminish in proportion to its weight. Otherwise expressing the same idea: The more food an animal consumes and the less it weighs, the more muscular strength it will possess.

These deductions have lately been confirmed by curious experiments instituted by M. Felix Plateau, who has determined the value of the relative muscular power of insects—power of pushing, power of drawing, and the weight which the creature is able to fly away with.

It had already been remarked that animals of small stature are by no means proportionally the weakest. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, asserts that, in strength, the ant is superior to all other creatures. The length and height of the flea's leap also appear quite out of proportion to its weight. No very definite conclusion, however, had hitherto been arrived at. M. Plateau has settled the question by employing exact science as the test. Insects belonging to different species, placed on a plane surface, have been made to draw gradually increasing weights.

A man of thirty, weighing on an average a hundred and thirty pounds, can drag, according to Regnier, only a hundred and twenty pounds. The proportion of the weight drawn to the weight of his body is no more than as twelve to thirteen. A draught-horse can exert, only for a few instants, an effort equal to about two-thirds of his own proper weight. The man, therefore, is stronger than the horse.

But, according to M. Plateau, the smallest insect drags without difficulty five, six, ten, twenty times its own weight, and more. The cockchafer draws fourteen times its own weight. Other coleoptera are able to put themselves into equilibrium with a force of traction reaching as high as forty-two times their own weight. Insects, therefore, when compared with the vertebrata which we employ as beasts of draught, have enormous muscular power. If a horse had the same relative strength as a donacia, the traction it could exercise would be equivalent to some sixty thousand pounds.

M. Plateau has also adduced evidence of the fact that, in the same group of insects, if you compare two insects notably differing in weight, the smallest and lightest will manifest the greatest strength.

To ascertain its pushing power, M. Plateau introduced the insect into a card-paper tube whose inner surface had been slightly roughened. The creature, perceiving the light at the end through a transparent plate which barred its

passage, advanced by pushing the latter forward with all its might and main, especially if excited a little. The plate, pushed forward, acted on a lever connected with an apparatus for measuring the effort made. In this case also it turned out that the comparative power of pushing, like that of traction, is greater in proportion as the size and weight of the insect are small. Experiments to determine the weight which a flying insect can carry, were performed by means of a thread with a ball of putty at the end, whose mass could be augmented or reduced at will. The result is that, during flight, an insect cannot carry a weight sensibly greater than that of its own body.

Consequently, man, less heavy than the horse, has a greater relative muscular power. The dog, less heavy than man, drags a comparatively heavier burden. Insects, as their weight grows less and less, are able to drag more and more. It would appear, therefore, that the muscular force of living creatures is in inverse proportion to their mass.

But we must not forget that it ought to be in direct proportion to the quantity of carbon burnt in their system. To put the law completely out of doubt, it would be necessary to determine the exact weight of the food consumed, and the quantity of carbonic acid disengaged in the act of breathing. Some chemist will settle it for us one of these days.

SALISBURY FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

It was a great sight to see Alderman Banks prepare for his morning walk. The front door opened, and the alderman appeared on his fair white door-step exactly as the clock of Saint Edmund's struck nine. No cuckoo on a German clock was ever more punctual than the alderman. He was a burly portly beaming sort of man, an upholsterer by trade, with large shining cheeks, a mammoth chest, and huge bedpost legs. His presence indicated good nature, a comfortable income, and much good feeding. As Davis, the livery-stable-keeper, used to professionally observe, "Alderman Banks do credit to his keep." Our fellow-citizen wore a low-crowned buttoned-up hat, such as bishops affect in the present day; he also rejoiced in claret-coloured and snuff-brown and bottle-green and cinnamon coats, heavy and broad-flapped, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes.

His first proceeding was what we youngsters used then to denominate "screwing on his legs." The alderman's limbs, though stately and unelastic, were neither of them of wood. The ceremony consisted in a careful revolving motion and adjustment of knee-breeches and blue worsted stockings with the palms of both hands, so that the knee-buckles should set square and straight to the side, and the stockings lie smooth and even over the calves of the plump well-to-do legs. This operation completed, the alderman would smile self-complacently, stretch out both arms horizontally, and

pass them with a circular motion behind his back so that his hands should cross, and the tip of his big bamboo cane should rise about an inch or two above his hat. Then, and not till then, the alderman launched forth in full sail down Catherine-street, equal to any emergency, the worthy burgher of a thriving cathedral city.

But Alderman Craddock was our great character. He was an ingrained humorist, and he had developed his eccentricities to the utmost in the idle afternoon of a busy life. He had been in his youth a small printer—his detractors said a compositor; in the printing-office, amid the black rollers and the revolving wheels, he had picked up odd learning and habits of vigorous independent thinking. His name was not really Craddock; but purposely in his case, as in that of others, we suppress the real name, to prevent giving offence to any living descendant. A marriage with a woman of some property had enabled Craddock to retire from business in the prime of health and strength, and to devote himself to the occupation of newsmonger, quidnunc, and retailer of good stories and old proverbs.

His humour, like good old sherry, grew drier and more racy with age. Every day, at a regular hour (for in those simpler quieter and slower times, methodical men were more common), Alderman Craddock took a walk on the Wilton road as far as a certain little bridge facing a village inn. There he halted, lifted his hat in a reflective way, looked north, south, east, and west, then turned on his heel, and paced back again to the city. He was an enthusiastic admirer of scenery, and would often stop and entreat a companion to remark a certain tree or watch an effect of light. Perhaps a great artist lay dormant in the alderman's brain. He would sometimes stop suddenly in a walk, fix his eyes like a pointer at a quiet cow up to its knees in flowering grass and purple clover, and exclaim to his companion, "By Jove! sir, look at that cow; there is real happiness. By Jove! sir, I wish I was that cow!" Calvinists he always regarded with especial dislike, as he considered them pharisaical, presumptuous, and intolerant. Whenever he met Alderman Bourne, who was extreme in such principles, Craddock used to half close his eyes, and, tapping Bourne lightly on the chest, say, with a chuckle, "Saved! saved!" then slapping his own breast, groan, "D—d! d—d!" But the best specimen of the alderman's odd humour is a story he used to tell of Crampton, the carrier in those days between Salisbury and Winchester. He used to relate, in somewhat the following words:

"One day, sir, when I was sitting at dinner, there came a knock at the door, and the servant showed in Crampton the carrier. The man seemed in great trouble, and when I gave him a chair he pulled out his handkerchief and burst into tears. Yes, sir, he began to blubber, sir; fact. 'Don't cry, man,' said I to him; 'it isn't manly; it is of no use; it doesn't help matters.

Let's hear what it's all about.' Then he told me that he had had some parchment and law papers to bring for Squire Benbow's marriage settlement, and somehow or other he had lost them out of his cart. They'd cost twenty pounds to get new, and he did not know where to turn for the money; would I lend it for one month, one month only, to help him? It should be returned then, true as sunrise. Then, sir, I asked the man, how on earth he came to me, I, who scarcely knew him by sight, and had never had a halfpenny-worth of dealings with him except a parcel or two in the year. Well, sir, his answer was, that he had lighted on me because he had always thought from my face I was a good-natured kind-hearted sort of man. Well, I sat and looked at the fire and thought a minute or two, then I turned on him sharp, and said, 'Look here, Crampton; you want this money for the marriage parchments; you say you'll pay me in one month; now I'll make it three; pay me in three months, and I shall be satisfied; hand me that pen and I'll write the cheque.'

"I gave him the money, and off he went rejoicing. Well, a month passed, two months passed, three months passed, four months passed, still no Crampton, no infernal Crampton. One day I met a farmer who attended Winchester market, and I asked him about Crampton. 'Why, Alderman Craddock,' he said, 'he's stopped carrying this three months.' The week after, I met another friend, a Salisbury man, who had just been to Winchester. I asked him if he ever saw Crampton? 'Crampton?' said he; 'yes, I saw him yesterday in Winchester filling a mud cart he has bought.' 'The next time you go to Winchester,' said I, 'if you see Crampton, say to him Alderman Craddock, of Salisbury, has been asking after him, and wants to know if he remembers a certain business transaction there was between them.' The next time I met my friend, he told me he had met Crampton and given him my message. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'and what did he say?' My friend burst out laughing. 'I don't like to tell you,' said he. I pressed him; he refused for a long time. At last, after much coughing and laughing, he said: 'Why, Crampton told me to tell you that you were an infernal old fool ever to have expected to get the money back.'" At this juncture of the story the alderman used to look serious and pause; then he would burst forth with this indignant peroration: "Sir! Scene, Pandemonium. Dramatis Personæ, Devils sitting round the table; dinner over; cloth removed, wine and glasses brought in. Well, one arch devil gets up and proposes a toast, 'Ingratitude, coupling with it the name of Crampton, the Winchester carrier.' Devils turn down their glasses, some break them; they refuse the toast, sir, and one of them rises and says, 'No; we love all the vices, and we'll drink to any of the passions; but ingratitude—ingratitude and Crampton are too bad even for hell.'"

Poor old Craddock, he was quaint and original to the last. One day, when he was

visibly dying, a friend met him, and said: "Well, I am glad to see you better, alderman. How are you, sir?"

Craddock shook his head, and laughed and chuckled as he tapped his chest:

"Booked, sir, booked; but not directed."

The corporation of Salisbury in Craddock's time were fond of their wine, and sometimes a little too convivial. At the close of one great Tory dinner an enthusiastic reveller (he ought to have been a barber), to humour the fun of the moment, took off his wig, and threw it on the fire. The joke took, and was infectious; one by one every wig followed, until a frizzling pile had smoked upon the flames. The evening went off; out sallied the bald corporation, bare as billiard-balls; a tottering procession, that Rowlandson's gross but droll pencil should have immortalised.

On another occasion, two staid aldermen, men of substance, portly, and usually grave as church mice, were returning from a corporation dinner, when, opposite a poulterer's shop, a sudden whim struck one of the two. On a slab in the front window lay two fowls, white, plump, trussed, singed, and powdered, ready for some prebendal spit. The back parlour was closed by a glass partition, behind which a light was visible. With sly rapidity the elevated alderman snatched up the fowls and propelled them through the glass at the astonished poulterer and his wife, who were at supper. They burst out angry and storming. "A mere joke, madam," said the alderman, taking off his hat—"a mere joke. What's to pay?"

In those simple and quiet times the corporation was divided into two parties—the old-fashioned men who wore the three-cornered cocked-hat, and those who wore the low-crowned buttoned hat. Politics ran high. No Tory, except by accident, ever entered the Radical or Revolutionary club, which Jacobins, followers of Tom Paine, atheists, and members of the Corresponding Society, were alone supposed to frequent. On one occasion, an alderman, a friend to the French revolution, happened, in "a vinous flight," to stroll into the wrong tavern, and fraternise with the wrong club. The moment he had left, the chair which he had desecrated was taken and broken up and burned, by common consent.

When Alderman Loder, the stationer, banker, and brother of the great surgeon, Sir Josiah Loder, was mayor of Salisbury, the volunteers of that town were very enthusiastic in their military exercises. Engravings still extant represent the worthy mayor as colonel of the gallant Wiltshire regiment in full uniform, a huge shako on his head, his calm face full of the quiet energy of command, and an enormous broad-bladed bare sword in his hand. When the alarm of the French having landed, reached Salisbury, the regiment turned out at a moment's notice, sounded bugles, and away started the volunteers on the Winchester-road, accomplishing the twenty miles' march in an incredibly

short time. On catching sight of the town, the colonel leaped over a gate, to show how little he was fatigued. Alderman Loder's bank broke eventually, entirely owing to his carelessness in accounts, for there were good assets. A Mr. Crofton, a lawyer of those days, who had thirty thousand pounds in Loder's bank, at the time the London agents became involved was travelling on the Continent. One day, at a table d'hôte in Germany, he chanced to sit next an Englishman. The conversation turned on home matters, and finally on Wiltshire. The lawyer, with the true subtlety of his profession, did not mention that he was a Salisbury man, but talked of the country as a casual visitor. The stranger grew friendly and communicative over his wine, and disclosed the news just then most upon his mind: "There is going to be a grand burst up at Salisbury," he said—"a tremendous burst up. Loder's bank is going. I hear to-day that the London agents will soon stop payment." The lawyer's heart came into his mouth, but he gulped down some wine, rose, thrust back his chair, and wished the stranger good night. An hour afterwards, he had started with post-horses on the road to France; night and day he rode and drove, and then sped across the Channel. From Dover he rushed to London, and drew out his money. The camel wanted but that last straw. The sudden withdrawal of so large a sum broke the bank. On his return to Salisbury, the lawyer instantly went to inform his friend, Dr. Peters, of the danger; but Dr. Peters—a stolid, eccentric, stubborn man—would not believe it for a moment. "Mere mare's nest, sir. Posh! Break the Bank of England next. What! Loder's bank go? Posh!" So, off went the unbeliever to Mr. Loder's house in the Close: a luxurious mansion, kept up in the best style. There, he found Mr. Loder, dinner over, with no wine before him, but a huge brown jug of ale, the worthy banker's favourite beverage. Without sitting down or shaking hands, Dr. Peters blurted out his errand. "Why, Loder," he cried, "do you hear the absurd report? They say your London agents have failed." To the doctor's surprise and horror, the banker looked up from his tumbler quite unmoved, and said: "Oh, it's come to that at last, has it?" The failure of the bank, however, being chiefly the result of careless accounts, Mr. Loder retired to his property in Dorsetshire, with character unstained, to end his days in a pleasant and refined retirement.

The canons, too, in those old times were characters; sturdy hearty men, respectable ceremonialists, good livers, proud of their cathedral and their old port, keeping up a good hospitable style of living, and fond of displaying it, haters of radicals, good-naturedly tolerant of the poor man, sticklers for precedent and social distinctions, and fond of society. How trim and luxuriously neat were those snug houses in the Close, how snowy white the door-steps, how glittering the knockers and bell-handles, how gay the gardens, how like three-piled velvet the green lawns, how pleasant the music oozing

through the windows, how grateful the odour of dinner, rising like the smoke of an evening sacrifice about six P.M. Handsome were the equipages of Canon Rolls and Canon Blagdon, plump and stately the horses, soft-sprunged the carriages. The Church was a comfortable warm cozy profession then;

No Low Church zeal and indignation,
No High Church zeal and innovation.

There was not too much to do, and the canons of Salisbury did it. There was Canon Broacher, who always went to bed after a corporation dinner and remained there for a day or two, subsisting on pills and black draughts; there was Canon Broucher, who always had a blister applied to the top of his skull after the tremendous exertion of his annual sermon. There was, also, the never-to-be-forgotten Canon Rolls, the poet, and Thomas Moore's friend and Lord Lansdown's ally, who lived in good style in the Close and gave musical parties, and who, when he went out of residence, retired to his snug country-house, where he had on gala days a man dressed as a hermit to sit in a damp sham grotto that he had hung with his own sonnets. This worthy foe of Byron on the question of Pope's merits as a poet, always travelled in good style; but he had an intense horror of runaway horses, and, when the turn-out for his return home was ready, the horses fretting the gravel, the postilions twisting their whips and looking round from their saddles, the old canon would come out and walk round and scrutinise the steeds. Often he would stop in horror, and exclaim: "Good Heavens! what have you got there? Why, that horse is thorough-bred; or, if he is not quite thorough-bred, he's almost half. Take him out, or I won't go at all; take him back directly!" Then there was poor old Davis, who became imbecile at last, and used to be drawn about in a Bath-chair by an old servant who tyrannised over him, and who used sometimes, when his master was especially rebellious, to turn round and threaten to leave his service; upon which the old man used to burst into tears, and entreat "dear Wilkins, good Wilkins," to stop with him. Poor Davis had been a very religious man, but when his mind went and his brain softened, singularly enough, he used, when any good book was read to him, to often say: "Pooh! don't read that nonsense to me. Why do you read that d——d nonsense?"

But the greatest of all ecclesiastical oddities among the canons, was Lord Wilson, brother of that great naval hero, Admiral Wilson. He used to attend the market regularly, and buy his own fish, fruit, and poultry. On one occasion, his lordship, booted and heavily coated, was knocked down and hurt by a rebellious brewer's dray. He was carried at once into the chief inn at Salisbury—the White Hart—and put to bed, in spite of his assurances to the doctor that he could get home. All that night the servants of the inn heard the old canon

talking to himself as he lay in the great bed in the state-room.

"No," he muttered; "Tom Rolton shan't have it; I'll cheat him yet. Then there's my prebendary at Durham; old Shaw thinks he'll get it, but he won't; I'll cheat them all. I ain't going to die yet, and they need not think it. Then there's the Dorsetshire property; they think they're going to step into that; no, not yet, Tommy Rolton, not yet!"

Many of the canons were connoisseurs in art. It was a great joke against Canon Barnes his misadventure with "a genuine Corregio." The story ran in this way. Poking about one day in a small upholsterer's shop, the canon lighted upon a dingy murky picture, not without merit—subject, a Nymph, or something of that kind—a smiling head (allegorical) looming through a brown treacly fog. By dint of soap and water, and a little ammonia as detergent, the canon found the picture had merit, and was even Corregiesque. Five pounds purchased the picture. Brought home, more ammonia and more patent something, developed more smiling nymph and less liquorice fog. Still more washing elucidated the name. What name? The name of the great painter—of Corregio himself. Elated, chuckling, enthusiastic, the canon gave a grand dinner to his brother divines and the Salisbury cognoscenti generally, to celebrate this remarkable discovery.

At a given signal, the canon's butler drew back the green curtain that veiled the immortal picture. The purchaser's partisans were in raptures; the sceptical were pooh-poohed and laughed down. The canon beamed with smiles; he waved his gold eye-glass patronisingly at the picture, and discoursed on Italian art. He was triumphant, and no one dared oppose him. A few months afterwards, however, a young painter and glazier in the town unfortunately came forward and recognised the picture as a copy he had made and given away, three years before. The canon, who had refused one thousand pounds for the picture, threw it into a sale, in his mortification, and it was sold there for seventeen shillings and sixpence. That was the end of the "genuine Corregio," and not a bad one either—for, between ourselves, it was not really worth twopence.

Among the doctors of the old time, Dr. Bruton was the most celebrated. He was fanatically fond of his profession, and, if he let a patient die, he at all events despatched him *secundum artem*: which was a consolation to the survivors, and, after all, was justifiable homicide. There was one case of skin-disease, almost leprosy, that had much puzzled the doctors. Bruton talked of it, wrote about it, and staked his reputation on the cure. The disease at last got daily better. But the obstinate rascal persisted in getting worse, which was unbearable. One day an eminent medical man, who had corresponded with Dr. Bruton on the subject of his stubborn patient, came to the hospital to see the case and report on it in the London medical

papers. Dr. Bruton and his friend walked down the chief ward until they came to a bed before which the curtains were carefully drawn. Bruton looked surprised, but not discomfited. He drew the curtains. There lay the man, dead. "You see," he said, baring the chest of the corpse, "it is a perfect cure; no trace of skin-disease left; but the man's poor constitution sank under the remedies."

And now I come down a little later—soon after the Reform Bill. When mechanics' institutes were first started, under Lord Brougham's auspices, many of the lectures occasioned much excitement. Were the masses to be educated, or not?—was it safe, or was it not? Violent theoretical men began to read papers on abstruse and sometimes dangerous subjects. People had not got accustomed to their liberty. The first lecture delivered at Salisbury was by Mr. Bigod, the chemist; and the subject was Electricity. Soon after this, Mr. Mellor, a medical man at Fisherton, delivered a lecture on Man, in which, to the astonishment and horror of his auditors, he laid before the meeting the wild theory of Lord Monboddo about men having once had tails—being really only a sort of developed monkeys. The meeting effervesced into fury. Half a dozen people sprang to their legs, and appealed violently to the chairman to stop such dangerous nonsense. Foremost among the opposition was Mr. Braithwaite, a watchmaker, a little pugnacious man, who seemed greatly scandalised and personally hurt, for he came to the front of the platform and shook his fist at the lecturer, denouncing him as "blasphemous."

Mr. Mellor at last lost his temper.

"Sir," he replied, "I have put more ideas in your head in the last ten minutes, than it ever held before in all your life; and, by the Lord, sir, if that is not enough, I'll put a bullet through it, sir—I'll put a bullet through it!"

The little watchmaker fell back as if a pistol had been clapped to his eyes, and was seen no more that day.

Talking of pugnacity, I must give an anecdote of Mr. Loder, the banker before mentioned. One day, during his mayoralty, an opposing member of the corporation addressed language to his party which he considered slanderous and offensive. Upon this, Mr. Loder instantly rose, and said that if any one dared to address such language to him personally, or to declare that he meant such expressions to apply to him, he should be happy to give him the satisfaction expected by gentlemen on such occasions. The moment he sat down, old Alderman Jones, a little decrepit man of seventy, rose and cried: "And I'll be Mr. Loder's second"—a chivalrous declaration that excited much amusement.

Salisbury theatre in old times was quite a nursery for the London stage. Every person who could afford it went to the play, and criticism on actors formed the staple of conversation. Among the low comedians, Munden, with

his queer face and spitting way of acting Crack, in The Turnpike Gate, was the great model. Old persons still living remember Miss Brown, a clergyman's daughter, as a clever useful actress, a kind and respectable woman, who supported her family by her exertions. There is a droll tradition current in Salisbury about that high-spirited, drunken "rip," George Frederick Cooke. His friend Mr. Davis, the barber, an eccentric character, whose daily promenade in his flowered morning-gown was as regular as cathedral service, had promised the London agents to see that the great tragedian started for London by a certain day and certain hour. He reasoned, he argued, he entreated. Cooke swore a grand and chivalrous oath that the sun should not rise if he did not start by the morrow's coach. The morning came; Mr. Davis was at the inn; Cooke was not there. Mr. Davis went into every room—no tragedian; into the neighbouring taverns and lodging-houses, still no actor. In despair, he strolled into the inn-yard to divert his disgust and melancholy by seeing the horses put to. All at once, a great black-browed face was thrust out of the coach-window. It was a big truculent-looking man in a huge nightcap. It was no less a person than the renegade George Frederick Cooke in personâ. "Hurrah! Davis," he cried. "Here I am! I said I would keep my promise, and I thought the best way to do it would be to sleep in the coach!"

The old election times in Salisbury were stormy enough. People's minds were so excited about the Reform Bill, that the poorer non-electors were ready for any desperate enterprise. At one election, Mr. Hacker, the sweep, was very unwilling to vote, as he had customers on both sides; so, on polling-day, by the advice of a shrewd neighbour, he feigned ill. The Tory doctor came, felt his pulse, and pronounced it safe for him to go and vote. Here was an emergency, but the neighbour was equal to it. He then advised Hacker to have a fit, so he had one. The doctor came again, and at sight of the doctor he gnashed his teeth, groaned, and rolled his eyes, until the doctor, not knowing what to make of the sudden and unexpected attack, insisted on it that he should not leave the house, come what might—contrary to the spirit of Hogarth's election agents, who forced dying men and idiots to the poll, and even struck them on the back to force out a sound that might be interpreted as "Yes."

At the great election, when many thousands were lavished by Messrs. Bouverie and Wyndham, the Liberals were in the minority: more so than they had expected. They decided to petition, and were anxious, on that account, to reduce the minority as much as possible. In the heat of the agitation, Mr. Bigod, the chemist, a violent and energetic radical, discovering that Mr. Brampton, a coachman, a safe man, was in London, proposed to the Liberal committee to go up and fetch him. "Can't be done. Pooh! sir. Consider the enormous expense," said the chairman. But he was over-

ruled, and up by the first coach went the enthusiastic Bigod—who to this day remembers the vexation he felt at an old woman's delaying the coach in Piccadilly by getting out her parcels. The election agent had no clue to Brampton's address, except that he was either at the White Bear, in Piccadilly, or somewhere in Camden-town. Off dashed Bigod to the White Bear; there, described Brampton. No one knew him or had seen him. He was not at the bar, in the yard, or in the coffee-room. At last, a good-natured chambermaid suggested that there was a person not unlike his description, who'd had three glasses of hot rum-and-water, and was now in bed in No. 32. Up dashed Bigod, three steps at a time, and there found Brampton the coachman, with his red nose just visible over the top layer of sheets. Bigod shook him awake. "Why, good gracious Heavens!" he cried. "What's the matter? Is my old woman dead?" Bigod told him there was no such good news, but he was wanted directly at Salisbury to vote for the Liberal party, and reduce the Tory majority by one. "I'm your man," said Brampton. And out of bed he plunged and tossed on his clothes. A post-chaise was ordered out, with four rattling horses. Off they went, as fast as the horses could set foot to the ground. The distance was done in six hours odd, and, when the post-chaise entered the town, the Liberals took out the horses, dragged the carriage to the polling-place, and almost tore into complimentary pieces, Brampton and the enthusiastic agent.

Such were some of the humours of Salisbury in the early part of this century. Times change, and we change with them. Our closing moral is a trite one. It was suggested to me by my friend, the worthy Canon Barrow, as we stood over the carcase of his fat Christmas pig: "Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

CAVENDISH TOBACCO.

It has long been an article of the pipe-smoker's faith that the seventh heaven of enjoyment is to be found in a cake of Cavendish, which has been manufactured in the southern states of America, and imported into Great Britain without paying duty. The eagerness to possess a "bit of smuggled" has not always proceeded from a desire to get it cheap, but has sprung from the belief (like many others, erroneous) that it must be smuggled to be good. What pipe-smoker has not paid secret midnight visits to the haunts of the bold smugglers in Wapping and Ratchiff-high-way? Who has not demeaned himself to intrigue with skippers and mates, and even common sailors, to obtain a few of the sweet cakes—smelling like something good to eat?

It is useless for the consumers of foreign Cavendish to deny that this has been the general practice among them; for the Chancellor of the Exchequer was lately so well convinced of the fact, that he found it absolutely necessary

to bring in an act for altering the duties on tobacco, and permitting the manufacture of Cavendish and negrohead in this country by the process adopted in America. As there are some persons who still require to be assured that her Majesty Queen Anne is dead; so there are many smokers who are not yet aware that this act has been passed and is now in operation. A few weeks ago a person showed me, quite confidentially, with an air of triumph, a cake of "real foreign Cavendish," which he had obtained from a seafaring friend, who had smuggled it at great personal risk. I astonished my friend by showing him a cake of Cavendish, quite as good as his, which had been manufactured in this country, and which I had bought openly at a shop. So little of this British-made Cavendish has as yet found its way into the retail shops, that smokers are scarcely aware of its existence, and very few have any knowledge of the new regulations under which it is manufactured and sold.

I picked up my information a day or two ago at Liverpool. A little more than twelve months ago I received in that city some pleasant information respecting the manufacture, by female labour, of cigars—information which I was privileged to communicate to the readers of this journal. On my last visit, I was carried off to the works of the Richmond Cavendish Company, where female labour is also much employed.

Rightly to understand the new act applying to the manufacture of tobacco, it is necessary to know what has hitherto been the difference between British Cavendish and foreign. Well, the foreign Cavendish was manufactured with sugar, liquorice, fine essential oils, and rum, while the British manufacturer was prohibited from using anything but water. The British article was a plain flour-and-water cake, the other was a rich plum one with sugar and spice and all things nice. Under the old tariff, a customs duty of nine shillings a pound was levied upon foreign Cavendish so manufactured, while the British Cavendish paid only a customs duty of three and twopence. The latter was levied upon the raw material, the former upon the tobacco in its manufactured state. The British manufacturer was condemned to make all his cakes with flour and water, while the foreigner had the exclusive privilege of sending us cakes made with all sorts of rich things. Naturally enough, when the cake was so nice, every one was anxious to obtain a slice. But the price was exorbitant. The duty was nearly five times the value of the article upon which it was levied. Here at once was an encouragement to smuggling! And, to such an extent was smuggling carried on, that only about one ton of foreign manufactured Cavendish passed through the Custom House and paid duty. All the rest—hundreds of tons, perhaps—was smuggled. The old regulations not only encouraged smuggling, they compelled it. When a dealer had purchased and paid duty upon foreign Cavendish, he was not at liberty to sell it, because it contained

saccharine matter, which, for its own purpose, the excise regards as adulteration. A case is known where a dealer bought a box of Cavendish, paid the duty, cleared it from the Custom House, took it to his shop, and there had it seized by the officers of excise. This being the state of things, the consumer had either to smuggle his foreign Cavendish or go without it.

But the Custom House, by being so sharp upon the dealers, proved in the end too sharp for itself. The one ton of tobacco upon which it contrived to lay its hands did not pay the cost of collection. The Exchequer, instead of gaining by the heavy duty, sustained a loss; for the smuggled tobacco escaped both the customs and the excise. The smuggled tobacco supplied the place of large quantities of unmanufactured leaf, which would otherwise have been imported under the minor duty of three shillings and twopence a pound; and thus the grasping policy of the Customs overreached itself.

The moment Mr. Gladstone discovered this notable triumph of the governmental art of how not to do it, he resolved upon a sweeping reform. It was a reform conceived in the same wise spirit of political economy which has directed all his great commercial measures. Adopting the very opposite policy of his predecessors, he sought to increase the revenues from tobacco by *reducing* the duties, and removing all vexatious and senseless restrictions. The result was the Tobacco Duties Act of 1863.

The Richmond Cavendish Company, at Liverpool, is the only large manufactory established under the provisions of the new act. I cannot say precisely where the building is situated—for Liverpool is a topographical puzzle which I have not yet been able to solve—but it is somewhere near the docks. The building comprises a large block of houses, completely isolated, very convenient for the officers of customs, who are thus enabled to walk round, and see that no tobacco is being taken in or out without paying toll to her Majesty. The great door admits the raw material neat as imported in barrels from Virginia. Within, we find ourselves in a large shed filled with tobacco-leaves, the contents of each barrel standing upright in a solid mass after the hoops and staves have been knocked away. From this shed, the leaves, in bundles not unlike trusses of hay, are carried into a large hall, where the process of manufacture at once begins. The first step is to strip the lamina from the thick stem which runs down the centre. This is the work of girls. The leaves are placed in baskets, and carried into the preserving-room, the stalks being left in a heap for another purpose. Now, what do you think that purpose is? The stalks of tobacco are usually ground into snuff; but the British manufacturer has recently found a better use for them. He sends them over to Holland and Germany, where they are chopped up and smoked as tobacco! The Dutchman and the German are content to smoke the English-

man's refuse. A compliment this to our British wealth and luxury.

I have likened a cake of Cavendish tobacco which we smoke, to a cake of confectionery which we eat. The process of manufacture is identical. The tobacco-cake, like the plum-cake, is mixed, kneaded, put into a shape, and baked. Here is the mixing-room, a rough place enough, but filled with the fragrant odour of something exceedingly nice. What is it? Stewed apples? Everton toffee? Currant jam? A mixture of all three, perhaps? The odour proceeds from yonder caldron. I go up a few steps, peep into its bubbling depths, and see what appears to be a witch's broth of boiling pitch. It is a mixture of refined sugar and various sweet liquors. When a layer of tobacco-leaves has been spread upon the floor, a ladleful or two of this sweet liquor is sprinkled over the heap; then another layer of leaves, and another sprinkling of the liquor, until the heap is completed. This is called "preserving." The leaves, when well saturated with the contents of the caldron, are carried into another room, where they are sprinkled with rum and essential oils. The rum is the very best old Jamaica, and some of the essential oils cost five pounds a bottle. This precious mixture, which smelt like pudding sauce, was dispensed to the pampered leaves from a tin pail with a whitewasher's brush. What the essential oils are I am unable to tell. That is a secret of the manufacture. Receipts for making Cavendish have been handed down, in America, from one generation to another, and one was shown to me which had been sold for five hundred dollars. In America, however, every man in the trade has some favourite flavouring of his own, which he keeps secret. When the leaves have been well sprinkled with the flavouring, they are left to become thoroughly saturated. They are then removed to the machine-room, for what may be called the kneading process. This is performed by means of a long iron trough about two inches wide, and a wheel driven by steam, which fits into it. The girls who are employed in this work place a certain quality of preserved leaves in the trough, filling it from end to end, as a tin might be filled with dough. The trough is then pushed against the wheel, which presses the tobacco into a long solid strip, resembling a strap of leather. From this bench the straps are removed to another, where girls cut them into small cakes. At the next bench these cakes are neatly wrapped in a leaf of dry tobacco, and thrown into huge baskets. Lying in these baskets, they look for all the world like hunks of gingerbread; and smell like it.

The next process is done by means of an hydraulic press. The cakes are placed in the cells of a large iron frame, resembling in shape and size the pudding-tins which we see in the windows of cheap eating-houses, and upon this is fixed a lid having on its lower surface projecting parallelograms of steel adapted to fit neatly into the cells. A number of these tins are then placed, one on the top of another,

under the hydraulic press, which slowly, but with inexorable force, comes down upon them at a pressure of three thousand pounds to the square inch, or equal to about four hundred tons to one pound of tobacco. After this preliminary squeeze the cakes are transferred to a number of hand-presses, where they are kept tightly screwed down for several days until they are quite "set." They are now in the condition of the dough when it has been kneaded, separated into portions, pricked, and put into the tins. They have still to be baked, or, as it is technically called, "cooked." For this purpose they are packed in strong ash boxes, about a foot square, and placed in an underground chamber heated with hot air. Here they remain until they are thoroughly baked, and then, and not till then, is the Cavendish fit for use. It is tobacco from the first, but it is not Cavendish until it has passed through the oven. It derives its flavour from the hot air, just as beef or mutton derives its flavour from the fire. And now the tobacco-pudding is ready.

All the operations are performed in bond, under the immediate supervision of the officers of customs. The tobacco is weighed when it comes in, and weighed again when it goes out, so that the officers may know exactly what quantity is used. When the manufactured Cavendish is exported, no customs duty is charged; but when it is sent out to be sold in this country, each cake must bear a label and stamp, and pay duty at the rate of four shillings per pound. That the Cavendish manufactured by this British company is quite as good as the foreign, is best proved by the fact that ships now take their stock from the Liverpool makers instead of as formerly from the stores in the foreign bonded warehouses. The tobacco of the Richmond Cavendish Company has been exported to New Orleans, which is equivalent to carrying coals to Newcastle.

One feature of the Richmond Cavendish Manufactory established in Liverpool has an interest for the ladies, which is the employment of girls in preparing the cakes. The work is well suited to them. It is a cheerful sight to see the girls in their large airy room, busily plying their various tasks, while they sing in unison some popular melody. Judging from the number of bright eyes and cherry cheeks, the occupation seems to be a healthy one. The average earnings of the girls are from 7s. to 12s. a week. They are all warmly and neatly clad, and some of them, conscious of their good looks, have taken much pains to adorn their dresses and their hair with ribbons and bits of jewellery. If you have little toleration for tobacco, as a thing to be smoked,

you will at least be able to rejoice that its manufacture has opened up another source of employment for poor girls.

A department of this manufactory, though it deals with tobacco, has an end in view quite apart from smoking, chewing, or snuffing. This is the department which possesses an interest for the farmer. It produces tobacco-juice for sheep and cattle wash. In America, Australia, and other countries, where little or no duty is charged upon tobacco, the juice has long been used for destroying the tick in sheep, and other vermin which infest cattle. For this purpose it is most efficacious. Hitherto, the heavy duty on tobacco has stood in the way of its being extensively employed as a vermin-destroyer. Now, however, under the act, tobacco-wash may be made in bond, without paying duty. The Richmond Cavendish Company, availing themselves of this concession, have fitted up, in connexion with their other works, a special department for the manufacture of juice. The tobacco brought in for this purpose is strictly guarded by the officers of customs. It is not to be made into tobacco or snuff; it must only be boiled down for juice; and the used leaves are afterwards burned in the Queen's tobacco-pipe. Previous to the alteration of the law, the strongest sheep-wash in this country contained only three and a half ounces of tobacco to the gallon. The wash made by this company contains forty-two ounces to the gallon. The juice is two-and-sixpence a gallon, and each gallon will bear dilution with ten gallons of water. Tobacco-juice is now extensively used by gardeners as a means of destroying the insects which eat up the flowers and fruit trees.

When I look at some of the statistics of tobacco consumption, I feel that I am fully justified in expecting a large number of readers to take an interest in this article. In Great Britain, at the present time, the consumption of tobacco is at the rate of twenty-two ounces per head per annum. But this is nothing—we are still far behind other countries. The average consumption of the whole human race is seventy ounces per head, and that of the United States is three and a half pounds per man, woman, and child. It is hoped by the tobacco trade that, in consequence of the reduction of the duties, the consumption of tobacco in this country will greatly increase. What does the Anti-Tobacco Society say to that?

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